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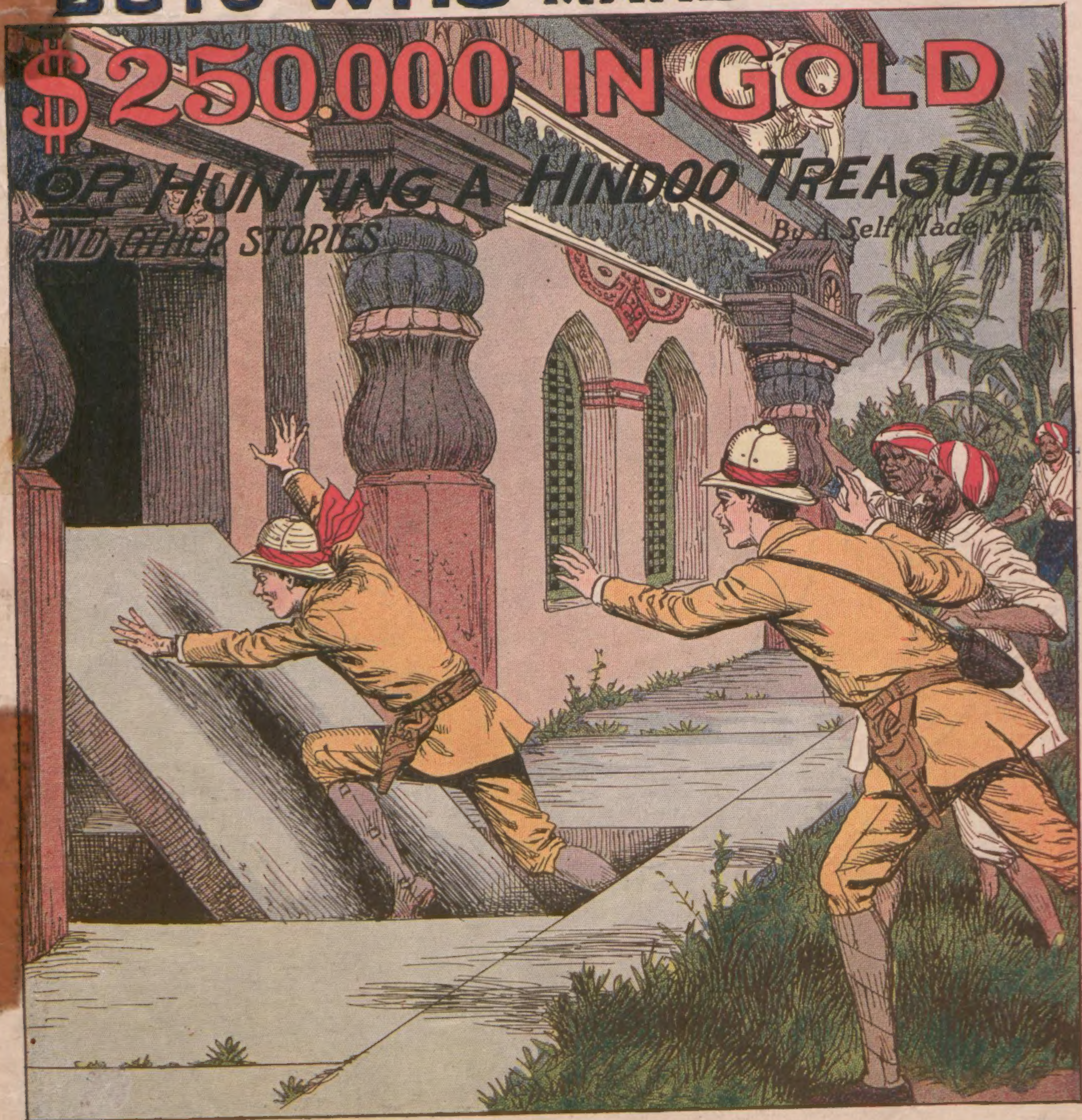
# FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

### \$250,000 IN GOLD

### OR HUNTING A HINDOO TREASURE AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



With the entrance of the Hindoo temple before them the two boys rushed eagerly forward. Jack, in the lead, stepped upon the huge slab of stone which lay in his path. It revolved under his weight and he disappeared from view.



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# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 455.

NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1914.

Price 5 Cents.

# 250,000 in Gold

—OR—

## HUNTING A HINDOO TREASURE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.

#### IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE.

"Where in thunder is Rum Jum and Nagar?" said Sam Farjeon, fanning his heated face with his white helmet hat. "I haven't seen them since we sat down here to rest ourselves."

"Blessed if I know. Lagging behind like the lazy rascals they are, I suppose," replied his companion, Jack Hadley, a manly-looking young American.

Sam got up and yelled for their Hindoo attendants, but received no reply.

The jungle, brilliant with color, and alive with small birds of variegated plumage and humming insects, lay all around the two boys.

It was a great trackless expanse of high vegetation and trees, although the party of four had been following a sort of path since they entered it, but this path was rather obscure except to the practiced eyes and experience of the natives.

Rum Jum had been hired by Jack as guide, and Nagar to help him carry the food hamper and other articles.

The party of four had left Bombay the second morning before, the first stage of their journey taking them through a big mountain range to the more level country beyond.

The second stage was begun that morning at sunrise, when they entered the jungle, which lay between them and the village of Kurpool, where they planned to pass the night.

It was rather a hare-brained expedition the boys had set out upon—namely, to visit a certain temple, said to be abandoned, where a quarter of a million in golden guineas, an obsolete English coinage, lay hidden in a secret spot.

Jack had heard the story of the treasure from an old native resident of Bombay, who had furnished him with a clue to the spot where it was alleged to be buried, on a written agreement from the boy that he was to receive one-fifth of the treasure, or of whatever part of it the boys succeeded in recovering, if they were fortunate.

The young Americans were fairly well equipped for such a journey owing to their knowledge of the Hindoo language, which they had learned in Bombay.

Jack's uncle was the American consul at Bombay, and the two boys acted as his clerks, with sundry native helpers.

They secured a two weeks' vacation to carry out their plans, which they were careful not to confide to Mr. Hadley, the consul, since that gentleman being more experienced in the country would have deemed their scheme Quixotic, not to say very dangerous, and have put his veto on it.

Even when Jack intimated that they were merely going into the interior to view the country, his uncle wanted them to postpone the trip till he could go with them; but finding they

did not want to postpone it, he told them not to wander out of the regular roads, and furnished them with a list of places where they could put up at.

They were supposed to do all their traveling on horseback.

They started out that way, Rum Jum and Nagar accompanying them on foot, carrying the supplies, but they found that to follow the route they were intent upon they had to leave their animals at the village beyond the range where they passed their first night, for Rum Jum told them that the jungle was not passable for horses—a statement which was not true.

They might have questioned Rum Jum's veracity if he had not been recommended to them by the old fellow who had fired their imaginations with the story of the treasure, and furnished them with the clue to its location.

His name was Dharwar, and he was regarded as a very respectable old chap in the native quarter of Bombay, but he wasn't all that he assumed to be, as the boys might have learned had they instituted inquiries about him.

Unfortunately they accepted him at his own valuation, and as a result they had reason to regret it, though in the end they came out all right, but that was more through good luck and their own grit and courage than anything else.

Having brought our hero and his companion to a point where their tribulations began, we will proceed with our story.

Sam's shouts brought forth no response.

Rum Jum and Nagar failed to appear or even to announce their whereabouts.

"I don't like the look of this," said Sam, mopping his face with his handkerchief, and facing Jack with a disturbed look. "Where do you suppose those rascals have gone?"

"How can I tell?" replied Jack. "I'm not a mind reader."

"They must have kept on while we were resting. They can stand the pace so much better than we that they might not have cared to wait for us."

"But I ordered them to stop, and Rum Jum said they would."

"Why didn't they, then?"

"Rum Jum told me he was thirsty, and that he and Nagar were going to look for a stream which was close by."

"They might have left the hamper and other things here till they came back."

"That's right. Perhaps they did. There is so much confounded vegetation in this jungle, and the grass is so tall, that a fellow can't see much further than his nose."

"But we're in a clearing, under the shade of several trees. There was no reason why those chaps should have left their load out of sight."

"They have their own way of doing things. We've got to



allow the natives a certain amount of leeway. We're not in the States, you know."

"Any one can see that with his eyes shut. You wouldn't find a jungle like this anywhere in America."

"There are chaparrals out West where a fellow can be as easily lost as in this jungle. A friend of mine lost his bearings in a very small one once and was hours getting out of it, although he was at no time further than a quarter of a mile from the outer edge. It was full of prickly cactus that compelled him to continually alter his course to pass them. Indeed, he might have kept traveling longer only he caught sight of the smoke of a distant house and aimed for it as best he could."

"I'm rested enough to go on. I wish those chaps would turn up," said Sam.

Rum Jum and Nagar, however, did not turn up, though they were gone long enough to find the stream, slake their thirst and return.

"Suppose they've deserted us?" said Sam, anxiously.

"Why should they? We have promised to pay them handsomely for their services when we get back to the city," answered Jack.

"I don't put much stock in either of them. Rum Jum looks like a great rascal—a sneaky one, while Nagar's face would ornament any rogues' gallery in the world."

"This is a nice time to form that conclusion. These common Hindoos are not beauties. You've been long enough in the country to know that. We took them both on Dharwar's recommendation. I took it for granted that he knew we could rely on them. I haven't any particular fault to find with either of them so far."

"They have no business to leave us in the lurch this way."

"Look around and see where they've put the hamper."

Sam hunted, but couldn't find any trace of it.

Jack got up and helped him, but without result.

"I'll bet they've gone on and left us to follow as best we can," said Sam.

"Then I'll have something to say to them when we reach the village."

"How are we going to reach it without a guide?"

"Rum Jum said it was straight ahead, about ten miles."

"I hope he wasn't lying. Let's go on."

They shouldered their rifles, which were of Remington make, magazine pattern, and proceeded, keeping the declining sun at their back.

"If there's a stream this way we haven't seen it," said Sam.

"It may be running parallel with our route."

"It might be doing a lot of things," growled Sam. "If you want to know my opinion, we're up against it hard."

"Don't get discouraged at the outset of our enterprise. Think of the gold—the \$250,000 we expect to fetch away."

"We've got to find it first."

"I've got the directions in a general way."

"I've been wondering why Dharwar didn't go after it himself if it's so easy to get hold of."

"He's an old man. Fifty thousand without leaving town is better for him than taking chances to get the whole treasure."

"That looks reasonable, but most men would take considerable risk at any age to corral a quarter of a million, even if they believed they couldn't spend a quarter of it. There is a heap of satisfaction in the knowledge that you are worth money, a lot of it. You can put on a lot of style."

"Dharwar would look fine trying to put on style, wouldn't he?" grinned Jack. "He'd want to get his wrinkles ironed out first thing."

The boys walked on for half an hour without hearing from Rum Jum and Nagar.

Apparently those worthies had temporarily, at least, abandoned their employers.

"We'll give them thunder," said Sam.

"I'll certainly read Rum Jum the riot act. He is responsible for Nagar. He introduced the fellow to us and put his OK on him."

"If any one is to blame for shaking us this way it's Rum Jum. He ought to be kicked."

"It wouldn't be safe to kick him till we get back to Bombay. He's got us at a disadvantage out here in the wilderness."

"If he doesn't do better we'll report him to Dharwar."

They plodded along in the shade of overhanging tree limbs for another half an hour, and the heat compelled them to take another rest.

"We've had luck in not meeting with a tiger or a big snake since we entered the jungle," said Sam. "I have no desire to

run foul of such things outside of a menagerie where they are behind the bars."

"We have probably passed close to both. They usually sleep during the heat of the day, and even if partially aroused will not attack one unless they are real hungry. At night all the beasts and big reptiles are wide awake and lively. Then they forage for a meal. It wouldn't be safe to pass here in the dark."

"I hope we escape from this jungle before sundown, then. We ought to if Rum Jum told the truth about the distance to the village. If he didn't, then we'll be in a fine fix."

"Well, we have our rifles, and if darkness should find us still in the jungle, we'll build a circle of fire around us and keep watch."

"That's all very nice, but I'd rather not be here after dark. Besides, we'd have to go hungry, and that wouldn't suit me, either."

"You're always thinking about your stomach."

"It's an important part of my anatomy. I'll bet you don't forget yours. I notice you're never behind at the meal table."

"It isn't good manners to keep others waiting for you."

"Suppose we're stuck in this jungle to-night, we'll have to sleep on an empty stomach."

"Not while there are birds and monkeys around."

"Monkeys!"

"Sure. A nice tender monkey steak would go fine," grinned Jack.

"I'd rather starve than eat monkey meat," said Sam, in a tone of disgust.

"Pooh! Roast monkey is a great delicacy among the natives."

"Well, I'm not a native, thank goodness!"

Jack laughed and said they'd better get a move on.

They were hardly on their feet before they heard confused sounds a short distance on their left, then a shrill, female scream.

"Hello, what's that?" cried Jack.

Then came a rush of footsteps, and three Hindoos, with frightened faces, came pushing through the grass and dashed past them.

Two more screams followed, and then silence.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PRINCESS KOKET.

"Follow me, Sam, I'm going to see what's up," cried Jack, starting in the direction whence the screams came.

A woman was in trouble, and Jack was chivalrous enough to rush to her aid, even if he ran into danger by doing so.

Sam followed because he didn't want to be left behind.

Forcing their way through the maze of vegetation, they suddenly came to the edge of a small clearing.

Here they saw a palanquin standing on the ground, with a dark skinned beauty half leaning out of it.

Her eyes were closed and she appeared to be unconscious.

Her arms were bare to the shoulders.

Around her upper arm was a band of gold, and around her wrist four circlets of gold and jewels.

Her loose attire was handsome and expensive.

Clearly she was no common person, the daughter, maybe, of a rajah, or some Hindoo potentate or official.

The palanquin was no ordinary one, either.

It was large and roomy, with soft, flowing draperies, depending from an ornamental top.

At least four stout natives were required to carry it, and the boys did not doubt that the three scared Hindoos they had seen running away were bearers of this vehicle.

The fourth was in the jaws of a huge tiger which stood facing the palanquin as if figuring on whether he should start off with his prize, or try and add the senseless girl to his feast.

Any one familiar with the animal would have known that the tiger was perfectly satisfied with one victim.

It was not likely that he would attack the girl, particularly as she lay still like a dead one.

The tiger heard the approach of the boys, and turned his glaring eyes upon them when they appeared and stopped.

He switched his tail back and forth as if he half expected they had come to deprive him of his anticipated meal.

Jack felt that he and his companion stood in no particular peril so long as they did not interfere.

At the same time he felt that it was his duty to save the native if he could.

The man was probably only stunned.

He sank on his knee to take aim at the tiger's eyes.



Sam, however, was rattled at the sight and fired offhand. The ball slightly wounded the animal, and shaking his head with a growl, he turned to depart.

"You spoiled my aim, you chump!" cried Jack.

Then aiming at the animal's ear, he fired.

With a smothered roar the tiger sprang in the air and fell dead with the ball in his brain.

It was a fortunate shot.

The unconscious man fell under its huge paws, which dug at the grass for a moment or two through mere muscular action.

Satisfied that all danger was over, Jack ran forward to the palanquin.

He raised the dusky beauty up and laid her back on her couch.

At her feet was a wicker basket.

Jack opened it and found a lunch and a flagon of sweet wine.

He poured a little of the wine into the girl's mouth.

This revived her and she looked at the boy.

"Ah, sahib, who are you? What has happened?"

"Your bearers were attacked by a tiger, and one of them—"

The girl uttered an ejaculation of terror.

"I remember. Poor Foxi Fum! The tiger has killed him and carried him off."

"I hope Foxi is not dead. I killed the tiger."

"You, sahib! You killed the tiger!"

"At the first shot."

"Where is it?"

"Look yonder."

The girl looked and shuddered.

"Where are my other bearers?" she asked.

"Run away."

"The cowards! Yet how can I blame them. The beast is a monster. Sahib, you have saved my life, and I am deeply grateful to you."

She gave Jack a look that set his blood tingling.

She was the loveliest girl he had ever seen, and to have met her in that jungle under such thrilling circumstances seemed like a dream.

"Don't mention it," said Jack, gallantly. "I am happy to have been able to render you a service."

"Ah, you Englishmen are such—"

"I am not an Englishman. I'm an American."

"Is it not almost the same? You both talk the same language."

"There is a difference," said Jack, who did not care to be regarded as an English subject.

"Generous stranger, I shall never forget the obligation. Nor will my father, the Rajah of Allabad."

"Your father is a Rajah, then?"

"Yes. I am the Princess Koket."

"Allow me to say you are a most charming princess. My name is Jack Hadley, and my uncle is consul at Bombay, a government official."

"I knew you were not a common person," said Koket with an arch smile.

"No, I'm a very uncommon person, so is my friend here. He is quill-driver extraordinary at the consulate, a very responsible position, I assure you. Come here, Sam, I want to introduce you to the Princess Koket. I see you have rescued Foxi Fum from the tiger's claws. Is he alive?"

"Sure he's alive. He'll be kicking in a few minutes. He's got a nasty wound on the shoulder, from the tiger's teeth, but he'll get over that. These natives are hard to kill if they have half a chance."

Sam came up and was presented to the Rajah's daughter.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, princess," said Sam, with his best bow, for he, too, was much impressed by her beauty.

The girl, who appeared to be about fifteen, smiled charmingly at him.

Jack went over to the senseless Foxi Fum and poured some of the wine down his throat.

He opened his eyes and groaned.

"Ask the princess if she has a piece of cloth to bind up this chap's wounds with," called Jack.

Koket pointed to the basket and told Sam to take the large napkin on which the food lay.

He fetched it to Jack and, wetting it with wine, they bound up the man's wounds.

Another swig at the bottle made Foxi feel able to get on his feet.

He drew near the princess and bowed low.

The girl expressed her sympathy for him, and that raised his spirits.

He asked where the other bearers were, and being told they had decamped, he called them hard names, and declared he would do a number of things to them when they came back.

The boys learned that there were four bearers besides Foxi, who was the boss of the outfit.

It was his duty to run either ahead or alongside of the palanquin, and keep the bearers moving.

He was a sort of under steward to the Rajah, and the princess was in his care on this occasion.

Had she suffered any injury from the tiger, Foxi would have had his head cut off, or otherwise been put out of the way, unless her injuries were very slight and she interceded for him.

Had she been killed Foxi's finish would have been accompanied by the most up-to-date torture the Rajah could have devised, though the chances are in that case Foxi would have been foxy enough to skip the country.

The rest of the bunch would have been similarly treated unless they, too, made themselves scarce.

The Rajah, as the boys later found out, was a very autocratic individual, who lorded it over a district by the grace of the British authorities, receiving a salary for his services, though he was very wealthy in his own right.

He entertained a great contempt for the English, though he prudently pretended great loyalty towards them officially, and frequently entertained the big bugs at his splendid house.

He often did things that the English authorities would have strenuously objected to had they learned about them, but no one had the nerve to give the Rajah away.

It would have gone hard with them if they had, for his Highness had a long reach.

About once a month, at the change of the moon, he was afflicted with what some people call the mulligrubs or blues.

On these occasions the princess always started visiting around to get away from him, for his grouch extended even to her, that is why she was now on her way to Bombay to pass a week with the Governor-general's family, with whom she was a great favorite.

When the princess told Foxi Fum that he owed his life to Jack, the under steward bowed his head almost to the earth, put Jack's hand to his lips, and declared his gratitude was as wide as the sky above.

"Sahib, so as the sun, moon and stars exist, I am your slave," he said.

That was very pretty from a poetical point of view, but otherwise his allegiance to the Rajah would prevent a practical demonstration.

He was Jack's slave merely in a Pickwickian sense.

At this point several dusky, turbaned heads poked themselves through the shrubbery.

These belonged to the four bearers who had returned to reconnoiter the situation.

If the princess was gone, they knew what they were up against.

Sam called Foxi Fum's attention to them.

He called them forward and went for their scalps in a way that must have made their heads swim.

At any rate they flopped down on their hands and knees, and with their foreheads on the ground, groveled before him.

They begged him not to inform the Rajah of their delinquency on their return to Allabad, and after some hesitation he agreed to say nothing if they each came up with a year's wages as a bribe.

This they agreed to, and so peace was restored.

Then the princess rated them soundly, but promised to say nothing about their delinquency to her father.

The sun was now low in the heavens, a fact which Foxi called attention to.

It would not be safe for them to continue on their way through the jungle, as darkness was bound to overtake them, and then they stood in great peril.

"What are you going to do, then, Foxi Fum?" said Jack.

"We will return to the cave of the jungle Fakir and ask for shelter for the night. He will not refuse the princess," replied Foxi.

"And how about the rest of us?"

"The Fakir might take you and Sahib Sam in, but the rest of us will have to camp outside with fires for our protection."

"Heave ahead, then," said Jack.

Foxi gave the order, the bearers picked up the palanquin, and with the boys beside it the whole party started off at a lively trot.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

The party duly reached the Fakir's habitation, which was nothing more or less than a cave in a huge rocky mound, surrounded on the sides and back by tall grass, while the dark opening faced upon a clearing.

To the two young Americans it looked to be a remarkable exhibition of nature's handiwork.

The mound was all of forty feet high, perhaps sixty feet wide, and seemingly of the same depth.

The extent of the cave itself could not be guessed at, since it was pitch dark inside, but the entrance was about four feet in width by seven high.

As they entered the clearing the Fakir came to the doorway and stood there.

He was an average sized man, naked but for a white cloth that encircled his waist, and hung in loose folds nearly to his knees.

On his head he wore a kind of turban, and in his hand he carried a staff.

His face looked rather pleasant, but was half hidden beneath a beard, parted in the center of his chin and carefully trimmed.

Fully attired in European garments, he would have looked like a very respectable elderly gentleman.

Before Foxi Fum could say a word the Fakir said, in mellow accents:

"The Princess Komet is welcome to my humble habitation. In expectation of her return I have prepared a couch for her, and refreshments. The young Americans are also welcomed, and shall share with the princess my hospitality."

"How in thunder does he know we're Americans?" said Sam to Jack.

He spoke so low that the Fakir couldn't possibly have heard him, and yet that personage replied:

"Sahib, I know everything. I am an adept and can read thoughts as well as faces. The past, the present and the future roll before my eyes at my command. I know the errand that brought you young sahibs from Bombay, where you are attached to the American consulate as clerks. It is a foolish one—more foolish than you think. A trick of Dharwar's to—but you shall learn anon. Now I must minister to the wants of the princess."

"Holy mackerell!" gasped Sam, "will you listen to that. Why, this old chap must be a regular magician or fortune-teller. I wonder how he got his information."

Jack paid little attention to Sam.

He was deeply interested in the lovely Komet, and he stepped forward to assist her alight from the palanquin.

She placed her dainty hand in his and favored him with one of her goo-goo glances that completely enthralled him.

If ever a boy was in love at first sight, Jack was since he had met the charming, brown-skinned maiden.

He didn't know that Komet was nick-named in Allabad the man-catcher.

It wouldn't have made any difference with him if he had.

He was willing to be bound hand and foot to that divinity.

He would have given up his share of the Hindoo treasure, if already in sight, to be permitted to bask in her many charms. Don't think that he was foolish.

Remember he was at a very susceptible age, and that the girl was simply the par excellence of female beauty.

Foxi Fum subsequently told Sam in confidence that the Court Journal, the editor of which received his pay from the Rajah's treasury, often printed half a page about Komet's personal charms, and then didn't half do justice to her loveliness.

As Jack led Komet toward the Fakir, that personage turned about and waved his staff.

Immediately, as if he had touched an electric push button, the cave was illuminated by a soft, pink glow which came from nowhere in particular, as far as could be made out.

The Fakir walked in with a majestic stride, and pointing to a soft couch, bade the princess be seated.

Nearby was the opening to an inner cave, and on the threshold was a brazier, which appeared to exude or throw out the glow which lighted the main cave.

Sam had followed, as if irresistibly drawn forward to a magnetic current, and as he reached Jack's side the Fakir laid his staff on the ground and said that on no account must his three guests, as they valued their lives, step beyond it.

Why this order was given the boys did not understand at first, but they soon saw a reason for it.

Several large and venomous snakes issued from the room beyond and glided hissing across the floor, but they carefully

avoided the staff, as well as the open spaces in either direction it pointed.

They went as far as the entrance, but did not leave the cave.

From the folds of his tunic the Fakir produced an instrument in use among snake-charmers throughout India and began to play on it.

Instantly the snakes stopped hissing.

They raised their necks high in the air and began swaying themselves to the cadence of the peculiar tune.

They gradually approached the Fakir and bobbed solemnly in front of him.

Gradually they seemed to grow dopy and sank slowly to the ground.

In a few minutes each became seemingly lifeless.

Then the music stopped.

"My children," said the Fakir, in a soft, fatherly way, "you need refreshment. Eat."

He pointed to a flat slab of stone about the height of a table, which the boys could have sworn had nothing on it when they came in, and there stood a flagon of wine, a small wicker basket full of rice cakes, another with fruit, while an earthen dish, divided in three parts, held a shivering kind of jelly very similar to gelatine.

There was a silver knife and spoon for each person, and the young people, full of wonder as to how the repast had been provided, proceeded to eat without question, and found everything excellent in quality and taste.

After finishing the meal, the three who had eaten standing sat down on the couch.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Sam, pointing with staring eyes at the stone.

His companions followed the direction of his finger, and to their amazement the stone was perfectly clear of the dishes and remains of the feast.

"Be not alarmed, my children," said the Fakir; "what you have seen and partaken of came at my will. This is a simple matter for the adept. He can materialize all things at will, and also disperse. The meal you have eaten, and the receptacles, came from the Rajah's kitchen at Allabad, and are back again."

"How far is Allabad from here?" asked Sam.

"Forty miles," said Komet.

"And that stuff came forty miles in a moment?"

"Even so," nodded the girl. "This holy Fakir can do anything."

"Then maybe he could bring me that package of cigarettes I forgot to fetch along from my room in Bombay?"

"He could, but I would not ask him."

"Holy smoke! Look at him now. He's as rigid as a statue," said Sam.

For several minutes the Fakir stood as though transformed into stone.

Then he heaved a sigh and seemed to awake from a kind of trance.

He turned to Sam and held out his hand.

To the boy's amazement he saw the identical package of cigarettes he had left behind.

He recognized the package by a mark he had made on the wrapper, and also by the fact that two of the cigarettes were missing.

Sam took the package gingerly, actually doubting the evidence of his senses, as probably any one in his place would have.

This exhibition savored strongly of magic.

The boys had often heard of the astonishing feats of the adepts of India—men who, after a life-time of self-denial and study along certain lines are supposed to have acquired wonderful occult powers.

Thousands of level-headed tourists have witnessed many of their unexplainable feats, and are ready to vouch for the truth of what they have seen; and yet it is an open question whether their seemingly impossible feats were actually accomplished or whether the spectators were temporarily under hypnotic influence and saw merely what the adepts willed them to see.

Sam did not attempt to smoke one of those cigarettes then, either in deference to the princess or because he was afraid of the articles.

He put the package in his pocket and did not think of it again till he returned to his room in Bombay, and there he saw the cigarettes where he had left them.

So perhaps the young people did not actually eat a meal as they supposed they did, but were under a hypnotic spell.

The Fakir pushed a curtain aside and pointed to a recess in the stone wall where there was a couch.



"If the princess wishes to retire she will enjoy undisturbed repose until morning," said the adept.

Koket bowed to him, and then wishing the boys good-night, stepped into the recess and the curtain fell behind her.

Jack and Sam followed her exit with their eyes, and then turned to address the Fakir.

He was gone.

"Where did he go, and how could he get out of sight without our knowing it?" said Sam, wonderingly.

"Apparently he can do things that would make our best stage magicians look like thirty cents," replied Jack.

"What's that paper in your hand?"

Jack became aware for the first time that he held a paper in his fingers.

He looked at it and found some sentences in the Hindoo language.

The communication read as follows:

"It is fated that you shall follow your quest for the Hindoo treasure, but I warn you that your path is full of danger, and not even I can foresee the ultimate result of your mad enterprise. Beware of Rum Jum and his companion Nagar. They are not to be trusted. Dharwar has sold you as annual victims to the goddess Kalee, the divinity of the almost extinct Thugs. Rum Jum and Nagar have engaged to deliver you both to the priests of the temple. In an effort to save you I separated you this afternoon from these men, who are thugs at heart, as is also Dharwar, the secret agent of the remnant of the order. The treasure is where Dharwar told you it was, but it is the bait of the trap intended for your destruction, as it has proved the destruction of others. Why I have been led to take an interest in and warn you, who are strangers to me and of another religion, I may not say. It is the will of my Master, and I can but obey. Therefore I say beware of what lies before you. I have no power to prevent you going ahead, or I would. Nor can you recede, now that you have started, since the power that draws you on is inexorable. It is Kismet, your Fate."

"What does the paper say?" asked Sam curiously.

It is a warning from the Fakir. Read it for yourself."

Sam reached out his hand for the paper.

He grasped nothing.

The paper had vanished as though it never existed.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### IN DREAMLAND.

"Where did it go?" asked Sam. "You must have dropped it."

They both looked on the couch and on the ground for the paper, but they could not find it.

"This must be some more of the Fakir's magic," said Sam, in an awed tone. "Do you remember what was written on the paper?"

"Distinctly," replied Jack.

"Tell me, then."

Jack repeated the words he had read exactly as he had seen them, for they seemed to ring in his ears as though repeated by the soft voice of the Fakir.

"So, Rum Jum and Nagar are traitors, and Dharwar is behind them, the scoundrel! To get the treasure we must walk into the trap waiting for us, eh? Not if I know it," said Sam, resolutely. "We will retrace our steps to-morrow, and the treasure can go to thunder for all I care."

"But the Fakir said it is fated that we shall continue our quest—that we cannot turn back now that we are started, since the power that draws us on is inexorable. It is our fate," said Jack.

"Fate be hanged!" growled Sam. "Do you suppose I'm going to walk into the spider's web now that my eyes are open? Not that you could notice it."

"I am sleepy," said Jack, with a yawn. "We will talk further about our plans in the morning."

Even as Sam looked at him the boy sank back on the couch and fell into a deep sleep.

And his sleep was visited by a vivid dream.

He thought he was in the midst of an extensive garden, and by his side reclined Koket, more bewitching than ever.

Her limpid eyes seemed to look into his very soul, and he sat there as fascinated and incapable of motion as though hypnotized by the baleful glare of a serpent.

"You love me, sahib?" came softly from her lovely lips.

"Love you, Koket!" cried Jack. "I would go through fire and water for you."

"Ah, it is Fate that has brought us together, sahib, for I

recognize you as my soul-mate. You are from the West, and an unbeliever in the great mystery of life. You are ignorant of the principles of Buddhism, the only true and mystic faith, and ignorance is the root of all evil. Four sublime truths point out the path that leads to Nirvana. These four truths are: Life is sorrow—the cause of suffering is desire—conquest of self means freedom from desire—an eight-fold path leads to the cessation of sorrow."

The girl paused and regarded him with a yearning fondness, like that a young mother bestows on her first-born.

"Go on," breathed the boy.

"Nirvana corresponds to a certain extent with your Heaven. Buddhism teaches that it is the loss of all personal consciousness by absorption into the divine. Esoteric Buddhism, in which I believe, says it is the state of consciousness of the liberated soul. There the soul joins its mate and they become as one, absorbed in each other. Every soul has its mate. Sometimes they come together on earth and perfect bliss between them results, even though they be unconscious of the divine affinity which exists between them. The earth is thousands of years old, and you and I have passed through many reincarnations—perhaps several hundred. We remember nothing of our former lives, nor when we return again will we remember what we have experienced in this one. At the moment of death—as our soul flutters toward Nirvana—the past is unrolled before us like a panorama, and each of our lives from the first passes in review. After that comes a blank—the twin souls join and pass 1,000 years together, in non-individual consciousness—then the time being come, we are born again on earth to serve a further penance."

"And you believe I am your soul-mate?" said the boy eagerly.

"I feel you are. We are one, divided by reincarnation. We belong to each other. It is my soul, purified to a certain extent by the study and practice of my faith, that sees in your soul, unresponsive because it is ignorant of its destiny, its affinity. Your soul, alas! is dead to the truth, but, sahib, it shall be my duty to awaken it into life. And then——"

"But, Koket, I am a Christian. I cannot adopt the Buddhist faith. It would be repugnant to my feelings."

"There is but one God, sahib, be satisfied."

"That is my belief. And I also believe that we are born but once, and that death closes our earthly destiny."

"Foolish boy!" she replied, with exquisite tenderness. "What is one life? A hundred years passes as swiftly as the brief passage of a cloud across the face of the sun. What experience could the soul gain in so short a time? A man dies and it is said of him, he is not dead but sleepeth—to awaken in a new reincarnation. What you do in one existence is reflected on the other. Ah, sahib, could I but convince you of the great truth, how happy would I be! Are we to part just as we have met, and see no more of each other until we come together in Nirvana? Few souls are privileged in this life to recognize their affinity. I cannot bear to lose you, my soul-mate—and yet life is sorrow."

The pearly tears gathered in the girl's eyes.

Her bosom heaved with emotion.

She arose and extended her arms to the boy, while her eyes reflected a devouring love, mirrored in their liquid depths.

Who could resist such a temptation?

Jack threw out his own arms to enfold her and—awoke to find the morning sunshine streaming in at the mouth of the cave, and a scene of activity going on outside.

There was no sign of the Fakir, nor of his staff.

On the flat stone lay a tempting meal of rice cakes, honey and fruit.

As Jack sprang up, Koket, looking as blooming as a rose, appeared from behind the curtain.

"Good-morning, sahib," she said, with a modest blush.

"Koket, my darling, we never shall part!" he cried, extending his arm toward the girl, impetuously.

The princess drew back, and put out one of her exquisitely moulded arms to stay him.

"The sahib forgets himself," she said, softly.

Jack stopped as if he had received a blow in the face.

"Koket, this from you? And yet you told me you were my——"

At that moment Jack looked supremely miserable.

"I told you what, sahib?" she said, dropping her eyes, in that enticing way that beauty knows best how to adopt.

"It doesn't matter, Koket," said Jack, in a broken voice. "I ask your pardon for my presumption. I am not of your class—your faith. I am just a plain American boy, and I am proud of it, while you—you are a princess, the daughter of a Rajah. I had a dream, as fleeting as life, according to your views of



it, and perhaps it was a glimpse of your Nirvana, where one meets one's kindred soul; but—I am back on earth again—to work out my destiny alone. Whatever we may really be to each other, here, at least, we are as far apart as the poles. Yet I shall never forget you, Koket—nor the dream which for one brief instant illuminated two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

Jack turned with a dry sob and started for the entrance of the cave, where he saw Sam talking to Foxi Fum.

"Sahib!"

It was only a word from the lips of the princess, and yet it thrilled him like nothing ever thrilled him before.

He turned, but did not look at her.

"I hope you do not think me ungrateful for the service you have rendered me. I beg you will accept this, and my assurance that I shall remember you with gratitude as long as I live."

She held out her hand.

In her fingers glittered a ring that shone like living fire.

"Koket, I need nothing to remember you," he said.

"Yet you will take this, will you not?" she replied, drawing close to him, her eyes shining like twin stars of great magnitude.

She caught his hand, kissed it and put the ring on one of his fingers.

"For my sake!" she breathed.

"For your sake I'd dare anything—even life itself. I love you, Koket, and love unreturned, like life, is sorrow."

She trembled visibly a moment.

Her bosom rose and fell as though stirred by some deep emotion.

Her glorious eyes swept his handsome face swiftly and earnestly.

Then—she laughed softly and turned away.

In good truth she had been well named, the man-catcher, and Koket should have been spelled coquette.

The coming of Sam into the cave put an end to this pretty scene.

"Hello, old chap, I see you're awake at last. What in thunder is the matter with you? You look as solemn as a mute at a funeral in the old days. Did your supper disagree with you, or what?"

"Nothing," replied Jack, impatiently.

"It couldn't be less. Good-morning, princess. I hope you enjoyed your night's rest. You're looking as charming as ever, upon my word you are."

"What a flatterer you are, sahib!" said the girl, giving him the googoo eye.

"Don't mention it. It's a failing that runs in the family. My father never met a pretty girl that he didn't want to kiss, and as they say that's catching, I am afflicted the same way myself."

"What an amusing boy you are!" she replied, laughingly.

"That's another failing of mine, Miss Koket. I tried to run away with all the circuses that came our way under the impression that I was born for a clown. Hello, I see the Fakir has provided us with breakfast. What a capital fellow he is! I was just wondering if Jack and I would have to proceed on an empty stomach. Come on, let's eat."

They stood around the stone, but Jack had no appetite.

"What in creation is the matter with you, old man? Why don't you pitch in?"

"I'm not hungry," replied Jack, shortly.

"Well, you will be by and by, so you had better put a few of those rice cakes in your pocket. I'm going to do so on general principles."

Koket's appetite did not seem to be at all affected.

She ate and drank and seemed to be in excellent humor.

They escorted her outside to the palanquin.

"Good-by, sahibs," she said. "And you, Sahib Jack, remember the ring. You may find it useful—to remember me by."

Then the bearers picked up the vehicle, and at the word of command from Foxi Fum, started off with it.

## CHAPTER V.

### OUT OF THE JUNGLE.

Jack stood and watched the palanquin disappear into the tall grass.

Twelve hours had made a different boy of him.

He had lost his heart to the Princess Koket, and she carried it with her on her journey to Bombay.

"Wake up," said Sam. "What's come over you, anyway? You are acting like a sore-eyed mule this morning."

"Nothing has come over me. Let's go on."

"I know what's the matter," grinned Sam. "You've fallen in love with the Rajah's daughter. But it won't do you any good. Rajah's daughters don't marry common Americans like you and me. Her father wouldn't stand for it a moment. He's a fierce gent according to Foxi Fum, who ought to know him pretty well. The people of Allabad call him the Bengal Tiger. And what do you suppose the people call Miss Koket?" as they shouldered their rifles and started off.

"How should I know?" said Jack, impatiently.

"They call her the man-catcher. She is the biggest flirt in India."

Jack made no reply, but he believed what Sam said.

Koket had certainly played him for all she was worth.

It almost made him mad to think about it.

And yet he could only entertain tender thoughts of the bewitching beauty.

"Confound that dream!" he muttered. "What made me have it? In it she called herself my soul-mate, and she said she couldn't give me up. At the sweetest point of the dream, just as I was going to take her into my arms and cover her mouth with kisses, I woke up. That's always the way with dreams. They quit at the wrong moment. If you dream of finding a treasure, you wake up just as you are reaching out to pocket it, and you feel awfully disappointed."

"Say, what are you talking to yourself about?" said Sam. "Why don't you address your observations to me?"

"I was thinking."

"About the princess, I suppose? I'm glad she's gone on her way. If we had to travel with her she'd sure turn my head before we got to the end of our journey. Pretty girls are a great nuisance. They make monkeys of fellows. That is what Miss Koket has done with you."

"Kindly cut the young lady out, will you?"

"Sure. Anything to oblige. I wonder why the Fakir don't show himself this morning and wish us good-by?"

"Maybe he was up all night saying prayers. Those religious fanatics have their own ways of doing things."

Perhaps the reader will wonder why, after the warning letter Jack had received from the Fakir, he and Sam were continuing forward, particularly when Sam had said that the treasure could go to thunder before he would risk his life to get it.

Simply because they had both forgotten about the warning.

Why should they forget such an important thing?

Because it was their Fate.

As a matter of fact, Jack had received no warning letter.

He had received the warning by telepathy or thought-transference, and the Fakir had hypnotized the boys to attain his object.

Sam thought he saw a letter in Jack's fingers, and called his attention to it.

Jack then saw it apparently and read it.

The Fakir willed matters that way, and what Jack thought he read was what the adept impressed upon his mind from a short distance away.

How the Fakir himself became aware of the things he pointed out is something that we do not pretend to explain.

Any expert mind reader can do pretty much the same thing, but how he does it is another question.

A stage magician will make you stare with wonder when he borrows your hat, fries an omelet in it over a spirit lamp, and then returns you your hat as good as ever.

That's only a trick, but he knows how to work it, and unless you have previously been made wise to the modus operandi, he gets your goat.

The Fakir was a past master in mysteries that probably have an explanation if they could be found out.

No one nowadays pretends there is any mystery about the wireless telegraph, and yet that, with wireless telephony, now coming to the front, is one of the most astonishing revelations of science.

Just think of sounds representing the Morse alphabet being sent through the air, and being caught and reproduced on an instrument hundreds of miles away, made to receive and utilize them.

If sounds can be sent thus, why not thoughts?

Who then can contest the special powers of a Hindoo Fakir who is master of his line of business?

So our heroes went on their way, drawn to what might be their doom by a power whose will governed the universe.

And while they walked on, Rum Jum and Nagar were looking for them.



In fact, those rascals had been looking for them almost from the time they separated.

They had had no intention of abandoning the boys.

Far from it.

They had a definite purpose in view respecting them.

Privately they marveled how the boys had got away from them.

At any rate, they determined to recover them if they could.

Their one fear was that Jack and Sam had been killed in the jungle by a tiger or a boa constrictor.

They hoped not, and when morning came they were on the job again after a few hours' rest.

The two boys walked on, hoping soon to get out of the jungle, which began to present a changed appearance.

There were more trees, the grass was not so high, and the shrubbery of a different hue.

They heard a rumbling of what seemed like thunder in the distance, and the sky looked a bit hazy.

"I believe there's a storm coming up," said Jack, who had recovered his spirits to some extent.

"A storm and no shelter in sight," said Sam. "We'll be soaked."

"A wetting won't hurt us. When the sun comes out again our clothes will soon dry."

The storm came up fast, with thunder and lightning.

Those kind of storms are very violent in India while they last.

The boys knew that, and the prospect did not look encouraging.

A stream ran through the grass of the jungle that took its rise in the mountain range many miles away.

Ordinarily it was not very deep, and swept murmuringly along.

But a rain storm always added such a volume of water to it that it overflowed its shallow banks and swept all before it.

Animals and reptiles were frequently caught unawares, and forced to take an unsolicited ride, which sometimes wound up their earthly career.

The boys had reached the bank of the stream when the storm came upon them with a roar.

The turbulent water was rising fast.

The sky above was dark and gray, and the sooty clouds were slashed right and left by lurid red streaks of electricity.

The thunder was deafening in its intensity.

Suddenly a rush of water came out of the grass and swept Jack and Sam off their feet.

Already soaked, they now looked like half-drowned rats.

They were hurled against a broken tree with a force that shook the breath almost out of them, but they managed to hold on to their guns.

They grabbed the tree as it went over, and the next thing they knew they were sailing down the stream clinging to it.

The torrent increased, sweeping trees and bushes away as if they were straws.

The boys did not lose their presence of mind.

They got firm grips on the tree, which they straddled, and they were carried along at racehorse speed.

An eddy carried their craft under a big tree and swung it around and around.

Looking up they saw that the tree was a veritable menagerie.

On its branches were congregated birds and beasts, including a tiger, crouching low in the crotch, and two large snakes.

The snakes were wound around the branches, and one had a coil around the tiger.

All were terrified by the storm, and though a parrot perched within a foot of one snake's head, the reptile made no move to gobble it.

Monkeys were around in abundance, old ones and young ones, chattering occasionally, expressive of their fears, no doubt.

A rush of water dislodged the tree from the eddy, and the boys continued on again under a sky that resembled a blazing inferno.

They were finally swept out of the jungle at a point where the stream broadened out into a small river, clear of obstructions, and their pace became less headlong.

For an hour they sailed along the stream through an open country, sparsely populated, as the boys could see by the huts at uncertain intervals.

The storm flew ahead faster than they, and gradually the air cleared and the sun came out.

The tree maintained its position in the center of the river,

and all the paddling the boys could do wouldn't send it shoreward.

Thus another hour passed, and save for the steam that arose from the ground, one would not have thought a fierce storm had just passed that way.

The boys' clothes were already dry from their waist upward, but the rest of them was in the water.

"We're having a free ride at all events," said Sam.

"But it may be taking us out of our way," said Jack.

"Oh, well, we have lots of time. Say, supposing we cop that treasure, how are we going to carry it away? Twenty thousand in gold is quite a hefty load to wiggle under. Just think of \$250,000."

"We'll buy a horse and cart from some native, and load it up."

"But the temple is in a deserted spot. Hadn't we better provide ourselves with the rig at some village in advance?"

"My idea was to find the treasure first, then look for a cart."

"Just as you say. You are running this expedition."

A boat pulled by two natives hove in sight around a bend.

The boys shouted to the Hindoos to come to their relief.

The natives obligingly did so, and they towed the tree to the shore, where Jack and Sam stepped out of the water.

"Whereabouts is the village of Badapoor?" asked Jack.

"That way, five miles from here," said one of the Hindoos.

"The village of Hyderabad is twelve miles from Badapoor?" said Jack.

"Right, Sahib."

"That way," said the boy, with a sweep of his arm.

The Hindoo nodded, and said it was about seven miles up the river and half a mile from the stream.

"This is the district ruled over by the Rajah of Allabad."

The man said it was.

"How far away is the town of Allabad?"

"Twenty-five miles."

"In what direction?"

The Hindoo pointed.

"That's where the Rajah lives."

"Usually, but twelve times a year, at the change of the moon, he goes to his castle on an island in this river, beyond Hyderabad, with his daughter and many of his servants. He is there now, but his daughter, with his permission, has gone to Bombay to visit the Feringhee Governor-general."

Feringhee was the name applied to the English.

"He makes the change when the mulligrubs come on," grinned Sam.

"I don't understand the young Sahib," said the Hindoo, for Sam had used the word mulligrubs for want of a Hindoo equivalent.

Jack explained what his companion meant.

The Hindoo frowned and said the young Sahib must be more circumspect in his reference to the Rajah, lest he get in trouble.

The potentate, he said, was a very great person indeed, and ruled the district with a grip of iron.

He administered justice to suit his own fancy, and the lives and prosperity of his people were dependent on his whim.

Respect for the power of the English, however, prevented him from going too far, as a rule, but not always, when he thought it safe to indulge his tigerish instincts.

He regarded it as a compliment to be called the Bengal Tiger, but resented ordinary criticism.

As the route laid out for the boys by Dharwar would take them through the village of Hyderabad, the young Americans started in that direction.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A CLOSE CALL.

The boys struck a road which carried them three miles on their way toward the village, when it turned off to the left.

Had they followed the road a couple of miles further they would have struck the main road to Hyderabad.

Instead of doing so they struck off through the woods, not far from the river.

They soon found themselves in another jungle very like the one the storm had extricated them from, but it was by no means extensive.

Still it was the roving ground of wild animals that came there to prey upon the deer and antelopes, as well as smaller game.

On account of the many trees the boys found traveling more pleasant in this jungle; nevertheless, the heat was very oppressive.

Coming to a glade, through which ran a small, shallow



streamlet, Jack and Sam seated themselves at the foot of a banyan tree to rest and try to cool off.

They had not been there long before they became aware that they were objects of interest to a big bunch of monkeys, old and young.

These animals gathered in the tree above, and the other trees near by, and watched every movement made by the boys.

At first they were silent, but they couldn't keep that way long.

Their chatter grew in volume, and with it their curiosity.

"Those chaps are passing their opinion of us around among themselves," grinned Sam. "One would think they never had seen a couple of white-skinned people before. They're beginning to get familiar," he added as the monkeys came closer to them, one particularly ugly fellow lowering himself by his tail and swinging back and front before the boys, making faces or grimaces at them.

His performances evidently aroused the admiration of the others, for the chatter became deafening.

Several of the monkeys overhead in the banyan tree plucked the fruit and ate it in a lazy way as if they were not very hungry.

Some of the half eaten fruit dropped around the boys, two hitting Sam on the head when he removed his helmet to mop away the perspiration.

Sam picked up the fruit and threw it at the swinging monkey, hitting him on the chest.

He swung himself back on the branch as quick as a wink, chattering furiously.

He seized a handful of the fruit and flung it at the boys.

Almost instantly every monkey in the vicinity was seized with the same impulse, and a cloud of the fruit landed on Jack and Sam.

Sam caught several in the face, others on the hat, and a score on his chest.

Throwing up their hands to ward off the shower did no good, for the tribe kept up the fun.

It was no fun for the boys.

Sam, losing his patience, raised his rifle and blazed away at the monkey who had started the fusillade.

He fell from the limb like a stone, and never made a move after hitting the ground.

Complete silence and a cessation of the bombardment followed.

But only for a few moments.

The consternation of the Simians gave way to rage, and the shower of fruit was resumed with greater speed.

The banyan figs came like an avalanche at the boys, so that they were obliged to beat a precipitate retreat into the open glade.

The monkeys continued to pelt at them, but stopped when they saw that their ammunition failed to reach.

A crowd of them gathered about the corpse of the ugly chap and held a sort of inquest over him.

Suddenly out of the grass flashed a tiger, which landed on the bunch.

A pandemonium of screeches came from the whole tribe, and the trees in the vicinity were immediately deserted.

The tiger trotted off with two of the monkeys, the little animals screaming like mad.

Jack and Sam returned to the shade of the tree again, the latter kicking aside the monkey he had shot.

Hardly had they seated themselves again when they heard shouts from a distance, and then sounds of people approaching in the jungle.

"I wonder who's coming now?" said Sam. "There appears to be quite a bunch."

As he spoke a hunted deer sprang into the glade, followed by a cheetah—an animal of the leopard species, found in Asia and northern Africa, and trained to hunt like a dog, but is muzzled to prevent it mangling its prey.

In color it is yellowish-brown, spotted with black, with long legs and tail.

Before the deer could get out of sight the cheetah bounded upon it, and brought it to the ground.

Sam, however, took the cheetah for a wild animal which had been routed out of its lair by the comers, and leveling his rifle, he put a ball into its head.

Its claws relaxed on the deer just as a mounted Hindoo dashed into the glade, and the wounded animal springing up, made good its escape.

The cheetah lay in its tracks as dead as a doornail.

The Hindoo uttered an ejaculation and looked toward the boys.

He saw Sam's smoking gun, and knew he had killed the cheetah.

Sam, without realizing his offence, was in for it.

A dark-featured, splendidly attired man of large size, followed the Hindoo and drew rein.

The rest of the party, some on horseback and some on foot, appeared and paused on the edge of the glade at a respectful distance from the big man.

"What does this mean?" roared the important looking personage, staring at the cheetah's corpse.

The Hindoo who first appeared said something and pointed at the boys.

The big man's face became livid with rage.

"Secure those Feringhees!" he cried to the men behind.

Three of the unmounted natives ran over, grabbed both Jack and Sam, and brought them forward, in spite of their protests.

"How dare you shoot my cheetah?" cried the big man, glowering darkly upon the boys.

"Sorry I made the mistake," said Sam; "but I took it for a wild leopard."

"You shall pay dearly for your insolence," cried the man. "Know you who I am?"

"No. I haven't the honor of your acquaintance," said Sam.

"I am Ram Rusti, the Rajah of this district. You are both my prisoners, and shall be taken to my castle in the river, where I shall decide upon the punishment that fits your crime."

"Hold on, Rajah," interposed Jack. "We are Americans, and under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. My uncle is consul at Bombay. You have no right to detain us at your castle, and if you punish us you will be called to account for it by the Governor-general."

The Rajah's face became convulsed.

"Vile unbeliever, how dare you presume to address me so familiarly? Down on the ground, both of you, and salaam to me!"

"Never! We will lift our hats to you as a mark of respect, but that is the extent of our homage to any man, even if he wears a crown," said Jack, boldly.

Furious with rage, the Rajah drew his glistening curved sword from its sheath, and would assuredly have lopped off the heads of both boys then and there, but for the sudden and unexpected appearance of the Fakir of the jungle.

"Hold!" he cried.

The Rajah held the weapon in the air and looked around. When he perceived the Fakir his manner changed, and his arm dropped to his side.

If there was anybody he respected, as well as feared, it was a religious adept.

He respected them for their religious supremacy, and feared their occult powers.

"Release those boys!" commanded the Fakir.

The three Hindoos drew back in fear, leaving Jack and Sam by themselves.

"Noble Rajah," said the Fakir, in a respectful tone, "these boys deserve your gratitude instead of your censure."

"How so? That one shot my favorite cheetah. He deserves death."

"Is not your daughter of more importance than the cheetah?"

"Assuredly. Why do you mention her?"

"Because she owes her life to these two American lads."

"Impossible!" replied the Rajah, incredulously.

"Is not my word to be believed, mighty Rajah?"

"It is," said the potentate, with a bow.

"Listen, then."

The Fakir told how Jack saved Koket from the peril that menaced her, and rescued Foxi Fum from death at the tiger's claws.

The Rajah was convinced, and somewhat against his will extended his jeweled hand to Jack.

"The service you rendered my only daughter entitles you to my gratitude, young Feringhee, and the crime of your companion in killing the cheetah shall pass unnoticed, though it is my favorite animal. You shall accompany me to my island castle and there partake of my hospitality for a few days."

He spoke to his chief attendant, the Hindoo who had first come on the scene, and that individual ordered two of the party to dismount and tender their horses to the boys.

Jack turned to thank the Fakir for his timely interference in their behalf, but he no longer stood by his side.

He had vanished as quickly as he appeared, not a soul in the party having seen him come or go.

No one seemed to regard this fact as unusual, unless it was



the boys, and they did not believe that he had disappeared into thin air.

He was a mysterious personage; it is true, but still it was likely that he had glided off into the jungle while attention was momentarily diverted from him.

The Rajah was too haughty a personage to ride beside his guests.

They fell in behind him, while the chief attendant rode in advance.

The balance of the party followed in straggling order.

The death of the cheetah had compelled the potentate to give up the hunt, for that animal had routed out and followed the game.

The Rajah rode along in silence, and the blues came back to him.

His subjects believed that these periodical fits were due to his having offended some important divinity of their faith, but they were probably due to an inactive liver.

Livers do not thrive very well in India, for in addition to the heat, nearly everybody eats curry in their food as a seasoning, and that's as heating as red peppers.

Englishmen who have lived a long time in India invariably return to their native land with a demoralized liver.

A bad liver generally makes a man a grouch, and the Rajah had the best developed grouch in the country.

"We had a narrow escape," said Sam to his companion. "The Rajah intended to decapitate us on the spot."

"I'll allow it was a close call. We owe our lives to the jungle Fakir."

"He certainly turned up at the right moment. It was lucky you saved Keket's life. Instead of being punished we are going to be entertained."

"I hope we'll come out all right. I don't fancy the Rajah much."

"No, you fancy his daughter."

"Never mind that. She's a man-catcher and has no use for our sex the moment she has caught us. It makes me mad to think what power she has acquired over me. If she ordered me to jump off the edge of a precipice, I believe I'd do it. When a girl has beauty like hers, she's dangerous—to a man's peace of mind."

"You probably won't see her again. Anyway, she couldn't marry you if you won her, unless you were willing to pass your life in India. She's a high-caste Brahmin and may not cross the ocean to America without losing her standing. Of course, if she was willing to sacrifice her religion for your sake, and her father was willing to let her, which is hardly believable, you could take her, but India would then become a dead issue to her. Were you to die soon after you reached America with her, see the fix she would be in. If she dared return to India she would be regarded as unclean, and could associate only with the lowest grade of Hindoos."

"I know all that, but she could regain her caste by going through certain penances of a tough kind. In the end, if she could stand the trial, she would be received by her kindred."

"The chances are that owing to her rank she would have to become a vestal virgin in a temple, and live retired from the world, like certain nuns."

"Well, I guess she won't have to go through any such experience. She'll never leave India, and he will have to be a pretty clever man who wins her heart."

"That's a fine ring she gave you, but what an odd setting—a jeweled bug, with a pair of rubies for eyes."

"She gave it to me as evidence of her gratitude for saving her life and—to remember her by."

The scenery, of a much improved character, now attracted their attention, and they soon struck the road which led to Hyderabad.

With the village showing in the distance they turned off toward the river, and finally reached the barge which carried them to the island, the horses swimming behind.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GUESTS OF THE RAJAH.

On their arrival at the castle, which was not really a castle, but a large and solid looking structure occupying one end of the island, the boys were, at the Rajah's command, escorted to a splendidly furnished room, with narrow windows overlooking the river.

The servant, after a respectful salaam, that is, bending his upper body forward and throwing out both arms till the thumbs touched, announced that he had been placed at their service, and when wanted could be found outside the door.

"All right. We have no orders at present. Do we dine alone or with the Rajah?"

The Hindoo opined they would be served in their room.

This proved to be the case.

An hour later an appetizing meal, with plenty of curry in the chief dishes, was set before them, and they were waited on by their private servant or attendant.

After the meal they asked the servant if they could walk about the island.

That individual said he believed they were at liberty to make themselves at home, but before acting on it he suggested that they await the coming of the steward, whose name was Run-phaster.

The boys agreed to this, and in a short time a very solemn and dignified Hindoo appeared and said he was glad to make the acquaintance of the young Feringhees.

Jack told him that the pleasure was mutual.

"Is it true that you saved the life of the princess?" said Run-phaster.

"Yes, from a tiger in the jungle."

"Brave boys. And you also rescued my nephew, Foxi Fum?"

"Yes," nodded Jack.

"I shall remember you in my prayers to Bhahma," said the solemn steward.

"I suppose, as head steward, you have a nice sinecure under the Rajah?"

"Alas, no! Do I look happy?"

He certainly looked very much the reverse.

"Not particularly," replied Jack.

"How can I be happy when the responsibilities of my position, as chief adviser to the Rajah, sit like a mountain upon my shoulders?"

"But you doubtless receive the comfort of a big salary."

"What is salary to a man when he stands in constant fear of losing his head?"

"How?" cried Jack, in surprise.

"A sudden melancholy seizes upon the Rajah at the full of each moon. He calls himself miserable and says it's the business of his chief steward—that's me—to make him happy. I do my best, but am not always successful. He has had several chief stewards within the last few years, and all of them have disappeared in a mysterious manner. I live in constant fear that it will be my turn next."

"I don't think I'd care to have your job," said Sam. "I'd just as soon work in a powder house."

"I'll tell you a good way to make the Rajah happy," said Jack.

"Ah, if you only would," said Run-phaster.

"Fill him full of good American whisky. Most men are happy when they have a jag on."

"Your idea is not bad. I'll try it at the next full moon; that is, if I survive this one."

"How long does his grouch last?"

"Seven days to the minute. This is the second. This morning I succeeded in persuading him that he would be happy if he went on an all-day hunt. As he likes to follow the chase, the suggestion took with him. He departed with his retinue, and I did not expect to see him back till sunset. Unfortunately your companion here killed the cheetah, and that put an end to the hunt. He has returned in worse humor than ever. I dread to approach him."

"Where is he now?"

"In his private apartments. At any moment he may summon me to his presence and order me to make him happy."

"Do you expect to make a man happy with that face of yours?" said Sam. "Why don't you look pleasant?"

"Can a man in my position look happy?"

"The happier you look the more chance you have of pulling through. Couldn't you crack a joke or two and make him laugh?"

"I don't know any jokes," said the chief steward, lugubriously.

"I know a whole lot in my own language, but I don't think I could translate them into Hindoostanese so they would sound funny."

"I have consulted the stars with reference to the Rajah's complaint."

"What did the stars say?"

"That if he could procure the skin of a happy man, and wear it till it fell to pieces, the cure would be complete."

"Then why don't you hunt up a happy man and get his skin?" cried Sam.

"I fear that a happy man does not exist in the Rajah's district."

"Then go into some other district after him."



"The stars say that the happy man must be found in the Rajah's dominions."

"Wouldn't a happy boy do? I mean one whose shirt might fit the Rajah with a little opening up."

"Such a shirt might answer in a pinch."

"All right. Send to Bombay at once and have the Princess Keket brought back."

"To what purpose?"

"My friend Jack is dead gone on her. All that is necessary to make a happy boy is for her to marry him. Then he'll let you have his shirt, which you will at once put on the Rajah. If the cure doesn't work you can blame the stars," chuckled Sam.

At that moment an attendant appeared and said that his Highness desired the presence of his chief steward.

Run-phaster made a motion of despair, as if he saw his finish in sight, and followed the messenger out of the room.

"Now let's go down and get a squint at the island," said Sam.

They went, but found little to interest or amuse them.

Jack declared that if he had to remain a week at the castle the Rajah would have nothing on him in the way of a grouch.

On their way back to the house they saw a boat with two Hindoos making for the landing on the island.

As they drew near, one of the Rajah's guards warned them off.

"Gee!" cried Sam, "see who's coming."

Jack easily recognized Rum Jum and Nagar.

That part of the Fakir's warning referring to them, as well as to Dharwar, immediately occurred to the boys.

"We don't want to have anything more to do with those chaps," he said.

"I should say not," said Sam.

Rum Jum rowed as close to the landing as he dared, and then held a parley with the guard.

He wanted to know if two Feringhees had come to the island in the Rajah's company a few hours before.

The guard declined to make any statement on the subject.

Rum Jum, who had secured information along the route of the hunting party, persisted in asking questions of the guard, but as it was against the Rajah's orders to give out any information about anything, except on the responsibility of the chief steward, the guard threatened to shoot Rum Jum if he didn't sheer off.

The rascally guide, finding that he could make no headway with the guard, and having no desire to be shot at, turned the boat shoreward.

He was satisfied that the two boys were on the island, so he and Nagar stood watch by turn so as to join them when they left the island.

Jack and Sam, from the shelter of the trees, watched the movements of the guide and his companion, and judged that the fellows were going to stay around the landing until they left the island.

"We will have to play a march on them somehow," said Jack. "We can find our way to the Temple of the Thousand Eyes somehow without any aid from them. The chief service we expected of Rum Jum was to pilot us through the big jungle. He and Nagar left us in the midst of it, either accidentally or by design, and if we hadn't come across the princess' party, and thereby enjoyed the hospitality of the Fakir, it might have gone hard with us. Since the Fakir told us that the rascals are not to be trusted, we must try and give them the shake. It may take us twice as long to make our way to the temple where the treasure is without them, but it will probably be the safer way."

"I agree with you," nodded Sam. "We'll consult with Run-phaster about quitting the island on the quiet when our visit is up. We'll have to do it after dark, and by way of the opposite shore."

The boys remained three days.

Each morning they were invited to a private audience with the Rajah.

His face looked sour and the boys endeavored to cheer him up with stories about the States.

They succeeded in interesting him for the time being, and he treated them with unusual favor.

On the third day he invited them to visit his place in Alla-bad and pass a week there.

He said his daughter would then be on hand to entertain them.

Jack thanked him and said they would be glad to avail themselves of the invitation.

The Rajah was curious to learn what business they had in that part of India.

Jack said they were simply enjoying a short vacation and putting in the time seeing the sights.

In course of the conversation he told the Rajah that they expected to visit the Temple of the Thousand Eyes.

"We heard in Bombay that it was a wonderful old ruin, and well worthy of a visit," said Jack.

The Rajah's brow darkened and the fierceness returned to his eyes.

"I would advise you not to go there," he said. "Many have done so and never have come back."

"What prevented them?"

"Who shall say?" replied the potentate. "It may be that Kalee still haunts the ruins of her chief temple, and devours those rash enough to invade her resting place."

"Kalee was the goddess of the Thugs or stranglers, once a power in India; but the sect has been entirely exterminated by the British," said Jack.

"A tree may seem to be dead above the ground, and yet its roots still have life. So it is with the Thugs. There are yet many devotees of the faith who practice their art at intervals when circumstances favor them. They do it at the risk of their lives. These are the faithful who are devoted to Kalee, and she still thrives on their fanaticism, though most of her temples have been leveled to the ground, and her chief abode, the Temple of the Thousand Eyes, is a deserted ruin. It is situated just over the border of my dominions in the district of the Nawab of Maler Kootla. The Nawab and I are not on good terms. Many years ago we had trouble over a large sum of gold—£50,000 in guineas—sent to the Nawab by Muhammad Shahab, as indemnity growing out of a petty war. The gold, while in transit from Bombay, where it had come by ship, passed through my district. It disappeared with its bearers in some unaccountable way, and was never afterward heard of. The Nawab accused me of ambushing the bearers and stealing the gold. A man of honor would not do such a thing, and I indignantly denied the accusation. We almost went to war over it. Indeed, but for the good offices of the then English Governor-general, there probably would have been war. The difficulty was settled, but the Nawab never has been friendly since."

The boys looked at each other when the Rajah spoke about the £50,000, which corresponded with the \$250,000 in gold they were after.

The fact that the Nawab of Maler Kootla might have a claim on it did not worry them.

The indemnities demanded by the winners of petty Indian wars were more or less acquired on the hold-up plan, your money or your life.

A great number of years had elapsed since the treasure in question disappeared, and it had been forgotten by the Nawab.

If it really was hidden in the ruinous Temple of the Thousand Eyes, doubtless the Thugs were at the bottom of the theft.

No tiger—accounted the most cunning of all beasts in the quest of prey—could approach its victim more stealthily than the Thug.

He banked on craft and treachery, but being a rank coward, he rarely worked alone.

At the time of our story these scoundrels had been pretty nearly all rooted out by the British, but nevertheless they still existed, though the traveler on the highways and byways was practically safe from them.

Their headquarters was at the ruins of the Temple of the Thousand Eyes, which once upon a time had shone with magnificence.

It was built for and dedicated to the goddess Kalee, and here her statue still stood—a thing of terror to the natives and of curiosity to the tourist.

After supper that day Jack and Sam, provided with two small hampers of food, left the island under the shades of night and landed on the shore opposite the regular landing, where Rum Jum and Nagar were waiting for them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FOUR RASCALS.

The boys were now on the wrong side of the river to reach the temple, which was quite a distance off, but they did not doubt they would find plenty of chances to recross.

The head steward had told them that they would reach a village by following a road half a mile from the river.

On the outskirts of the village was a Hindoo inn, where they could put up for the night, but Run-phaster warned them to be on their guard, as the proprietor was known to be a great rascal, who was believed to be in league with a disreputable bunch of low-caste natives.



The steward hardly thought the inn-keeper would dare attempt any game with them, because they were Feringhees, or next door to it.

Still he was not to be trusted.

The boys started straight for the road, reached it across a series of cultivated fields, and turned in the direction of the village.

It was a longer walk than they had counted on, but the place hove in sight at last under a brilliant star-lit sky, with the full moon just rising in all her glory, and casting their moving shadows ahead of them on the road.

It was after ten o'clock, and the only light in sight came from the window of the inn.

The door was open, as well as the windows, to admit the night air, and the boys walked in, with their rifles under their arms.

At a table on one side of the room sat four as rascally looking Hindoos as Jack and Sam had ever seen, and in the course of their Bombay experience they had run against some pretty tough specimens.

They looked curiously at the boys and at the rifles.

They judged that the lads had come to that part of the country to shoot in the jungle, sizing them up as English tourists.

The boys, however, had no game with them and were on the opposite side of the river from the nearest jungle, and a considerable distance from the big one near the base of the mountain range.

Altogether they could not make out why the boys had come to that village.

The more burly-looking of the quartet jumped up and addressed them in very fair English, not supposing they understood the native language.

"You are Feringhee travelers?" he said, inquiringly.

"We are Americans from Bombay," replied Jack, in English.

"You have been hunting?" the man continued.

"Yes," replied Jack.

"What have you killed?"

"A monkey, several birds and a tiger," replied Jack, making no mention of the cheetah, which he knew would have excited the curiosity of the man. "Are you the inn-keeper?"

"Such is the fact, young sahib. You wish to stay here for the night?"

"Yes. We want a room if you have one unoccupied."

"You shall have it. And supper, I suppose?"

"No, we have eaten all we want for the present. You can serve us with breakfast in the morning."

The eyes of the three men at the table were riveted on the ring Jack had received from the princess, and the inn-keeper himself cast frequent glances at it.

They saw that it was a very valuable one, worth two or three thousand rupees—a silver coin the equivalent of thirty-two cents in American money.

Their mouths watered at the sight of it.

A Feringhee who could afford to wear such a ring must be wealthy, they argued.

Doubtless he carried several Bank of England notes about his person, and his companion might be supposed to be pretty well provided with money, too.

These boys were going to put up at the inn for the night.

They must be tired after a long day's jaunt even on horseback, consequently they would sleep well.

The thought occurred to each of the rascals that here was a chance to fatten their slim resources that might not happen again.

It would not do to rob them and let them go on their way to complain to the head man of the village in the morning, who would start an investigation which would not be healthy for the proprietor of the inn, or themselves if they were caught.

The visitors must be put out of the way for good.

Being late in the evening, no one had seen them enter the inn, therefore, no suspicion would rest on the inn-keeper and themselves.

If they were later inquired for, as would probably be the case, why the four men could swear they had not seen them.

When in answer to the landlord's inquiry about their horses, they said they had left them at the village at the foot of the range. The bunch, though manifestly astonished that the boys should have left their animals so far behind, were greatly pleased, for the horses would have been evidence against them, and given them trouble to get rid of.

The foregoing was duly canvassed in their own lingo, even while the boys were in the room, for they had no suspicion that Jack and Sam understood the language of the country.

In this way the boys were made wise to the peril that threat-

ened them, and being plucky young fellows, they determined to give the four rascals the surprise of their lives.

The landlord produced a flagon of wine for them to take a nightcap, but for fear it might be doctored, they politely declined on the ground that they did not drink anything but water.

They were then escorted to a room above, which had two couches in it, and provided with a lamp to undress by, though the brightness of the night rendered that quite unnecessary.

After wishing them good-night, the landlord returned to the room below, where the four began making their plans for the extinguishment of the two visitors.

"Run-phaster made no mistake when he told us the proprietor of this inn was a big rascal," said Sam in a low tone. "They're going to do us up if they can. That ring you got from Koket is what excited their greed. I saw them looking at it and sizing up its value in their minds. It is probably worth more money than they ever had in all their lives, and they can't resist the temptation of getting it from you. They think we are carrying a bunch of £5 notes besides."

"I'm going down to listen to their plans," said Jack. "You lie on your couch with both rifles and watch the door while I am away."

He removed his shoes and slipped downstairs.

Fifteen minutes passed away, and then Jack returned.

"What a blessing it is that we have the language down pat," he said, after examining the door for a fastening and finding there was none. "I heard every word that passed between them."

"And they haven't the least idea that we understand any other tongue than English," said Sam. "Well, what are they going to do? When may we expect a visit from them?"

"They are in no hurry to proceed, as they have all night before them. The three rascals who were at the table have gone outside to select a suitable spot to dig a deep hole to place our bodies in after they have put a knife in our breasts. They expect to be away the best part of an hour, which, they figure, will give us lots of time to get into a sound sleep. When they return the job will be pulled off."

"I hope not. The hole will come in handy for themselves if they get a ball from our Remingtons in their bodies. Aren't they afraid of the guns?"

"No. They expect we will stand them against the wall, possibly out of our reach."

"They are bad guessers."

"They don't count on our having the slightest chance to defend ourselves. The landlord and one of them will tackle me, and the other two will attend to you. While one holds us down the other will drive a knife into our breasts before we are expected to realize what is happening. They regard the crime as a regular cinch."

"They'll never be able to reach us in this room, with the moon shining, making things almost as bright as day," said Sam. "We'll lie down with our rifles beside us, ready cocked for business. The moment they approach our beds we'll open fire. It is my opinion they are going to get badly shocked."

"They'll deserve all they get. They think no more of carving us up than if we were a pair of wild animals. I dare say they've each killed more than one man in their time. I don't fancy the idea of starting a private graveyard, even with such chaps as these. They are human beings like ourselves. But it seems to be a question of our lives or theirs."

"It sure is. And they will be the aggressors."

The boys talked in whispers, for they did not know but the landlord might be listening at the door.

"You'd better go and lie down on your bunk," said Sam.

"The landlord is sure to take a peep at us in advance to see if we're asleep. It might spoil everything if he found us talking together."

Jack thought Sam's suggestion a prudent one, so he adopted it.

Hardly had he stretched himself out, with his cocked rifle beside him, than the door opened softly and a dark-skinned face looked in.

It was the landlord.

He stood and listened intently.

The boys watched him covertly.

They breathed in a way that they hoped would convince him they were asleep.

He stood in the door fully five minutes, like a graven image, then he disappeared, shutting the door after him.

Ten minutes passed.

That short interval seemed like half an hour to the boys, who felt somewhat nervous at the prospect ahead, though they believed they would come out all right.



the truth, neither liked the idea of shooting their enemies.

Then the door opened and to the surprise of the boys a young Hindoo girl appeared.

She shut the door and glided over to Jack's couch.

"Wake, sahib, wake!" she whispered, shaking his arm.

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked Jack, sitting up.

The girl had spoken in English, and Jack replied in kind.

"Get up. Your life and your companion's are in peril. The men you saw below intend to murder and then rob you. Three of them are away at the foot of the garden digging a hole to put you both in. They will soon return. Get up, wake your friend and follow me. I will lead you out of the house by the back way. Then you must go on to the village and try and find shelter there. To remain here is death to you."

Jack jumped up, and so did Sam.

It wasn't necessary for them to ask the girl any questions, for she only told them what they already knew.

Taking their baskets of food in one hand and their rifles in the other, they followed her out of the room and down the corridor, the three proceeding as softly as shadows.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A DISAGREEABLE ENCOUNTER.

At the end of the corridor was a door.

The girl opened it, passed through and held it for the boys to follow.

Facing them was a staircase.

"Follow," whispered the girl.

The stairs creaked under their weight, but they soon reached the foot.

Here they found themselves in the kitchen.

The girl opened a door into the yard.

"Go," she said. "Take that direction across the fields, and if the men in the garden do not see you, you will be safe."

"You are a good girl to warn us," said Jack, "but we already knew what was ahead of us. In pointing a way for us to escape you have doubtless saved the lives of the inn-keeper and his three accomplices."

The girl received his statement in some surprise.

"How did you learn their intentions? The landlord alone speaks English. They conversed altogether in Hindoostanese."

"Actions sometimes speak as loud as words," replied Jack, who did not think it necessary to inform the girl that he and his companion understood the language of the country.

"I understand, sahib. You suspected the men, and were only pretending sleep when I came to help you. You would have shot them with your guns. But go, go, before they return from the foot of the garden," she said, earnestly.

"What is your name, little one? You have done us a good turn, and I would remember you."

"Litchee."

"Is the inn-keeper any relation of yours?"

"He is my uncle."

"You ought to cut loose from him, for he is a scoundrel of the first water."

"I have no place to go, and he treats me well."

"I dare say you do all the work about the inn, and get little or no pay for it."

"Yes, sahib. Now do go."

"Good-by, then. Here is an English crown piece for yourself. It is equal to about four rupees. And here is a kiss."

The boys then crossed the yard, their figures standing boldly out in the moonlight.

They were not seen, however, and presently gained the shelter of some trees.

In a few minutes they were in the village, but not a soul seemed to be stirring at that hour.

"What shall we do, Sam—wake somebody up and ask for shelter?" said Jack.

"No. Let's go right on down the road till we put a couple of miles at least between us and the village, then we will look for some place to anchor for the night," replied Sam.

So they went on.

Half an hour later they struck a Hindoo farm and took shelter in a small outhouse filled with hay, on top of which they made their bed.

They slept till well into the morning without being disturbed.

Leaving the outhouse, they went over to a rude well and sat down to partake of some of the food they had brought from the island.

Here they were observed by the women and children of the house.

All came flocking toward them, making friendly gestures.

Jack addressed them in their own tongue, much to their surprise, and told them they were traveling around to see the country.

They were invited to the house and treated to fresh honey and fruits.

The two women seemed pleased to have the honor of entertaining two Feringhee boys, whom they judged to be persons of some importance from the ring Jack wore.

The husband and another Hindoo were out in the fields at work, and the boys did not meet them.

After passing a pleasant hour with the family, Jack and Sam took to the road again, after learning that another small village lay about six miles ahead.

They walked slowly on account of the heat of the sun.

"It is too bad we haven't our horses," said Sam.

"Yes. We might just as well have brought them along. We were fools to let Rum Jum persuade us to abandon them on account of the jungle."

"I suppose the two rascals are still waiting for us to come from the island? May they hang around the landing for a week. That will give us time to put some distance between us and themselves."

They reached the next village in the course of a couple of hours and inquired their way to an inn.

The landlord extended a hearty welcome to them, and they sat down at a table beside an open window to rest and drink a small flagon of sweet wine, which tasted good to their parched tongues.

They decided to take their noonday meal here before they went on.

While they sat there a pretty Nautch girl, carrying in her hand a small basket of eggs, came along and stopped outside.

Seeing two Feringhee boys, she bobbed to them.

A big boy, who appeared to be her companion, produced a kind of musical pipe from his girdle and began to play on it.

The girl placed the basket on the ground and began a native dance, which she performed in a very graceful way.

At the end of it she bobbed again and picked up the basket.

The boy started another tune, and she commenced whirling around like a sort of teetotum.

On her head was placed a wheel, from the spokes of which hung silken cords with noosed ends.

While whirling rapidly in circles, she took an egg from the basket and placed it in the noose, until the whole of the eggs were thus disposed of.

The feat was very clever in itself, but was not to be compared to that which followed, for she took the eggs from their rest one by one, increasing her momentum as she did so, until all the eggs were replaced in the basket, quite uninjured.

A false movement, a single act of awkwardness, would have caused the eggs to clash together and break.

The boys applauded her, and each threw her a rupee.

Then her companion gave a wonderful exhibition of juggling.

A crowd had collected to witness all these feats, and at their conclusion some of those present threw the performers a silver piece called an anna, worth about two cents.

Jack and Sam contributed each a six-pence to the young juggler, and he and the girl went on their way greatly enriched by the generosity of the foreigners.

After the midday meal the boys resumed their journey toward the Temple of the Thousand Eyes.

They had received directions how to reach it, but had been strongly advised not to go there.

The inn-keeper was particularly earnest in his warning.

While admitting that it was supposed to be a deserted old ruin, he said that the impression generally prevailed that the goddess Kalee was always there, and devoured any visitor who was rash enough to enter the building.

The boys laughed at the idea of a stone or wooden idol devouring anything.

The inn-keeper said that it wasn't the figure of Kalee that did anything, but the spirit of the goddess which dwelt within the image.

Jack tried to convince him that there was no such thing—that all the graven images that existed, or ever had existed, in India, amounted to nothing more than senseless representations of somebody's fancy.

The Hindoo, however, was too deeply soaked in the religious fanaticism of his race to accept any statement from the boy.

"I have warned you, young Feringhee," he said, solemnly. "If you despise my words you are likely to regret it when too late."

Those were his final words on the subject, and they had very little effect on the boys, who were not to be turned aside from



their quest of a quarter of a million in gold by the bugaboo of Kalee.

So on they went, passing through a number of villages during the next few days, and having no cause to find fault with the treatment they received from the natives or the proprietors of the inns at which they stopped.

At length they reached the border of the Rajah's district and entered the dominions of the Nawab.

They had crossed the river at a ferry and were now drawing near their journey's end.

"We should reach the village of Nincumpoor before dark," said Jack, "and by making an early start in the morning we ought to arrive at the Temple of the Thousand Eyes by noon."

"I shall be glad to get there and have the job over with," said Sam.

"You talk as if you thought all we had to do after we arrived at the temple was to go right to the exact spot where the gold is and take possession of it. I am thinking we shall have a job finding it."

"But Dharwar gave you a diagram of the cellar where it lies buried."

"Dharwar's diagram may amount to nothing. It seems to run in my mind that the Fakir warned us against him when he told us to beware of Rum Jum and Nagar."

Sam admitted that he had the same impression, but he could not remember what the Fakir said on the subject.

The Fakir had given them a very definite warning, as the reader knows, but as the boys had forgotten it it was clear that a power stronger than the Fakir's was drawing the boys toward the temple.

They reached the village of Nincumpoor about sunset and found their way to the best inn in the place.

They engaged a room with supper, and breakfast in the morning, and arranged with the proprietor to refill their empty basket with food, for they could not expect to find anything to eat anywhere in the vicinity of the temple, which was situated in the midst of a small jungle, not often traversed by strangers, or the natives, for that matter, since the fatal power of Kalee was believed to hover over the whole place.

In due time their evening meal was served to them in a corner of the public room, beside an open window, and they were feeling in excellent spirits, when suddenly the window was darkened by two Hindoo faces, and a voice said:

"Ah, sahibs, we have overtaken you at last, and just in time to render you the chief service you engaged us for. Brahma be praised for this lucky meeting."

It was Rum Jum who spoke, and his rascally countenance seemed to shine with the greatest pleasure.

Beside him stood Nagar, with a sardonic grin on his disreputable countenance.

The boys gave a start as they recognized the men whom they thought they had shaken for good.

The meeting apparently boded them no good.

## CHAPTER X:

### THE TEMPLE OF THE THOUSAND EYES.

Jack deemed it advisable to hide their real sentiments toward the rascals.

They were too far in the interior to come to an open rupture with Rum Jum and his companion.

"You are nice chaps," he said to the men. "You went off and left us by ourselves in the jungle, taking the food with you, and if it had not been for good luck we might have been in the stomach of some wild beast before morning."

"It wasn't our fault, sahib. It has been a puzzle to us how we lost you. We spent most of the night and part of next morning looking for you in the jungle. Then the storm came on and we had to take shelter from it. Believing you had reached Budapoor by yourselves, we went on there, but got no trace of you until we met a native who told us he saw two boys sailing along the river on a dead tree. Satisfied you were the boys, we followed the stream, but failed to catch up with you. On our way to Hyderabad, where we thought you might have gone, we learned that you had joined a hunting party of the Rajah of the district. Knowing that he was sojourning at his island castle, we went on to the landing and tried to communicate with you, but the Rajah's guard would not answer our questions. We went back to the landing expecting to see you in a day or two. When you didn't come we inquired of one of the Rajah's servants who came from the island to get something for the steward, and he told us you had left two nights before, by way of the opposite shore. We followed your trail, but though we constantly heard of you being ahead, we never could catch up with you until now. I swear by Brahma I am telling you the truth."

Jack believed him.

"What you say, Rum Jum, may be all right, but you have come when we have no use for you, for we have received all the directions we need to take us to the temple," said Jack.

"Ah, sahib, you need us more now than you did any other time except in the big jungle. It is true it is only half a day's journey to the temple, but without one of us you never could find it in the jungle which surrounds it. We will take you directly to it in the morning. Had we not fortunately found you before you started on alone you might have perished in a fruitless effort to find the temple. Be glad, then, sahib, that we are here. We promise you that all your troubles are at an end."

It was clear that Rum Jum and Nagar did not intend to be shaken by the boys at this stage of the situation, so Jack and Sam had to pretend that they were pleased with their company.

Rum Jum then bade them good-by for the time being, saying that he and Nagar would be on hand early in the morning to pilot them on the final stage of their journey.

"We've got to put up with the rascals," remarked Jack, after their guide and Nagar had gone. "However, we'll be on our guard against any treachery on their part. If they show the cloven foot we'll hand them something to think about."

"I'm sorry they have turned up," said Sam. "I'd prefer to take the chances of the jungle without them."

"So would I, for I thoroughly distrust both of them; but I don't see that we can help ourselves now."

When they went to bed that night they barricaded the door, for they feared a nocturnal intrusion from Rum Jum and Nagar, but nothing of that kind happened.

The scoundrels had no intention to harm them.

They were under orders to get the boys to the temple, and deliver them to the two priests who dwelt there in secret.

They knew what would happen after that, but they would have no hand in it.

That night Jack had another vivid dream about Koket.

He saw Foxi Fum and the bearers conveying her back from Bombay to Allahabad in the palanquin.

The party was passing through the big jungle when they were set upon by a bunch of natives in ambush.

Koket and Foxi Fum were made prisoners, but the palanquin bearers were killed to a man.

The natives picked up the palanquin and carried it through the jungle to the stream into which Jack and Sam had been swept by the storm.

Foxi Fum was forced to go along.

When the stream was reached a native covered boat was seen tied to the shore.

The princess was forced into the cabin with Foxi Fum, the palanquin, partially dismantled, placed on the deck, and the natives started down the river under sail.

Then the vision faded out, and Jack awoke to find that morning had come.

He awoke Sam and told him about his dream.

"It was a strange dream," said Sam.

"I never had one that seemed more real," said Jack.

"Do you think there is anything in it?"

"I don't know. People have often dreamed of events that have actually taken place many miles away."

"I know; but I hardly think a bunch of natives would dare monkey with the daughter of the Bengal Tiger. They say he has a long reach, and what he wouldn't do to such rascals is hardly worth talking about. He would probably boil them in oil over a slow fire, or treat them to some other excruciating torture. The Rajah is a tough nut to run against even when the blues are not on him."

"He surely would handle them without gloves if he caught them."

"He'd catch them, don't you worry. His daughter is his choicest possession, and he'd send men all over India looking for her."

"If what I saw in my dream has actually happened, you can take it from me that the natives were acting for somebody as powerful as the Rajah himself."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Natives never would dare commit such an outrage on their own responsibility. The girl is a beauty, and I wouldn't be surprised if she has many suitors. Some neighboring Rajah who has failed to win her, or her father's consent, might have adopted this kidnapping scheme to get her into his power and force her to marry him whether she wanted to or not."

"Maybe the Nawab of this district, who is unfriendly with



the Bengal Tiger, has captured the princess to get back at her father."

"Enemies as there'll be war as sure as you live."

"The British would probably interfere and patch matters up. You're the real bosses of the country."

The appearance of Rum Jum put an end to the conversation. "The morning meal is awaiting the sahibs," he said, obsequiously.

The boys went downstairs and found breakfast ready.

They ate it.

Rum Jum told them he had taken the liberty to order horses for them to take them to the temple.

That suited the boys first rate, as the price asked was reasonable.

Nagar took charge of the baskets of food, and Rum Jum offered to carry the rifles, but Jack and Sam refused to part with them.

Mounting the animals, they started, with Rum Jum trotting in advance and Nagar fetching up in the rear.

The country through which they passed for the greater part of the forenoon was fertile and cultivated.

They passed many houses and two small villages, then Rum Jum turned off from the beaten track, and from that time they found the country growing less interesting and more sparsely settled.

Finally they came to the edge of the jungle surrounding the temple.

A tributary of the river which has figured in this story ran through the jungle, cutting it into two parts.

Rum Jum followed it a part of the way, and then plunged into the tall grass to the left, and for half an hour they were forced to proceed slowly.

"How much further have we to go, Rum Jum?" asked Jack, beginning to suspect that the rascal was not guiding them aright.

"We are almost there, sahib," he replied, with a grin of satisfaction.

And so it proved.

Five minutes later they came out into what had once been a broad opening, but was now overgrown by tangled vegetation, and right before them they saw the sun shining on the temple.

It did not look near as ruinous, on the outside front at least, as they expected.

It was solidly built, with ornamental columns at the ends and on either side of the entrance, which possessed no door.

There were two windows without sashes on either side of the door.

The roof was supported at each corner by a stone elephant, and was raised several feet above the coping, probably for purposes of ventilation.

"The sahibs will dismount and tie their horses," said Rum Jum, complacently.

The boys did so.

With the entrance of the Hindoo temple before them, the two boys rushed eagerly forward.

Jack, in the lead, stepped upon the huge slab of stone which lay in his path.

It revolved under his weight and he disappeared from view.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN THE HANDS OF THEIR ENEMIES.

Jack landed all in a heap on a mass of dried vegetation.

It was fortunate that he hit something soft, for the floor and walls of the vault were made of stone.

He could not know that the dry vegetation had been placed there designedly to save him from breaking his neck.

Not especially him, but any victim whom the concealed priests of the temple desired to get into their power.

As the victim would be needed for the annual sacrifice to Kalee, soon to take place, it was necessary that he should not be injured in any material way.

After dumping the boy into the depths, the stone revolved back into its former apparently solid position.

Sam managed to stop himself just in the nick of time to avoid going down with his friend.

As the stone fell back into place he gazed in stupefied consternation at it.

"Great sardines!" he ejaculated. "I wonder how far down Jack went, and whether he's been hurt or not?"

He received an answer to both questions, but not in the way he expected.

As he turned to address Rum Jum, who was close behind

him, he received a push that sent him staggering upon the slab.

It revolved once more, and Sam landed beside Jack.

When the stone revolved back again, darkness reigned in the vault.

"Is that you, Sam?" asked Jack.

"Yes, it's me, all right. This is a nice fix we're in. This is the work of Rum Jum, the traitor."

"How do you know that?" said Jack. "He wasn't near me when the stone gave way under my weight."

"Oh, he knew all about the trap. You went down without any help from him, but with me it was different. He pushed me onto the slab, and here I am up against it like yourself."

"Do you think we have been dumped down here to perish?"

"I'm afraid we have."

"What is the object of it. Is that rascal after my ring?"

"Probably. It represents a fortune to him. I wish you had kept it in your pocket instead of on your finger. It is too valuable to flash around in public. Even in a big city you would run a chance of being knocked out for it."

"Maybe we can escape from this place. Wait till I strike a match and look around," said Jack.

He struck a match, and when the flame illumined the vault they found that it was not large.

Their hopes sank when they failed to find any indication of an exit.

The walls were of solid stone, and the floor as well, underneath the vegetation.

"If this refuse hadn't been here we might have broken our necks, or at least an arm or a leg, or perhaps both. This is a fierce place to be imprisoned in. A few days here will put us on the starvation list."

"When we are too weak to use our guns, which have followed us in, Rum Jum will find an easy way to come down, go through us, and then leave us to our fate."

"What an infernal scoundrel he is!" cried Jack.

"And what a villain Dharwar is, too!" said Sam. "The warning words of the Fakir rise plainly before me now. I don't see how we could have forgotten them."

"I remember them myself now. He said the gold we were after was in this temple just as Dharwar told us, but it was the bait used by the votaries of Kalee, the few surviving Thugs, to get us into their power."

"The landlord of the inn where we saw the Nautch dancer told us we would regret coming here, and he wasn't far wrong. I certainly regret continuing our hunt for the treasure, and I guess you do, too."

"I don't think this would have happened if Rum Jum and Nagar had not rejoined us. It was our misfortune that they did so."

"This treasure hunt was a piece of foolishness from the start. This is probably our finish. We'll never see Bombay again."

They continued to talk over their unenviable situation for some time, then they became conscious of a feeling of oppression, as though the air was becoming foul from their breathing up the oxygen.

With some alarm Jack called his companion's attention to it.

They were seized with dizziness and nausea, and in a minute or two were gasping for breath.

Inside of five minutes both dropped unconscious on the vegetation.

Their condition was not due to lack of oxygen, but to a poisonous vapor which had been blown into the vault through a hole they had not noticed while inspecting their prison cell.

The two priests had done that in order to secure them without trouble.

When they calculated that time enough had elapsed to accomplish their purpose, they signaled to Rum Jum, and that worthy caused the stone to partially revolve on its nicely adjusted axis, he and Nagar catching and detaining it before it went completely over.

That let the noxious gas escape, and enabled them to take a look at their victims.

The boys lay wholly at their mercy now.

A door artfully concealed in the inner wall of the vault now opened and the two priests appeared.

They finally handed the two rifles up to Rum Jum, and then each raising one of the boys in his arms, bore him off through the door, which closed behind them.

Rum Jum and Nagar then let the stone fall back into its place.

They walked around to a door in the back of the temple and made their way into the edifice.

The greater part of the building comprised one big room,



which had at one time presented an appearance of considerable magnificence.

It had no ceiling, being open under the protecting roof, raised, as we have already mentioned, by the stone elephant at each corner.

The walls and columns were covered with painted eyes, through which the goddess Kalee was supposed to look in order to see all that was going on in the temple.

There were so many of these eyes that the temple got its name from them.

A quarter of the interior was shut off by a faded red curtain, once of imposing magnificence, which shut off the idol room from the big room where, in the good old days when the Thuggee flourished, Kalee's humble votaries assembled to do her homage, and witness the sacrifice of human beings on the altar before the goddess.

The flooring was of solid stone, which had echoed the tread of many tourists who had managed to pass the entrance without disappearing into the vault as Jack had done.

That is easily explained.

The big slab, which was nicely balanced on its axis, was held in place by two heavy bolts.

Until these bolts were withdrawn from their sockets it could not revolve.

The priests were always on the watch for a victim.

Tourists accompanied by responsible guides were not molested.

Any one convoyed by Rum Jum was considered fair game, as he was a Thug at heart, and worked in collusion with Dharwar, also a Thug by instinct.

Both of them, with Nagar, stood in with the priests of the temple, and could be depended on to do all in their power for the good of the cause.

The priests were shrewd but ignorant Hindoos, who really believed in the spiritual existence of Kalee, and had devoted their lives to her service, confident that it would bring them eternal happiness after death.

Jack and Sam were carried to a sort of pen in the far end of the cellar under the temple and locked in.

There were a number of these pens.

Half a century before they were usually crowded with victims for the annual sacrifice as that great festival approached.

Now they rarely held a single prisoner each, even on the sacrificial day itself.

Until Jack and Sam were enticed to the temple not a victim had been secured for that year's secret festival, and the pens were vacant.

That is why the priests had sent out a C. Q. D. message to Dharwar to chase something along their way, or there was no saying what Kalee would do to her faithful adherents.

Just why Dharwar had the nerve to pick out the American consul's nephew and his friend Sam is not quite clear, but it might have been to wipe out an old grudge the Hindoo had against the consul.

The only feasible way he saw for getting the boys to go so far into the interior was to fire their imaginations with the story of the treasure.

This he did, but as Jack wouldn't bite the old rascal gave him proof that the \$250,000 in gold was actually hidden in the temple.

The old villain felt he could safely do that, for once the boys reached the temple, the priests, assisted by Rum Jum and Nagar, would see that they did not get away.

While the boys lay unconscious in their noisome cell from the effects of the poisonous gas they had inhaled in the vault, there were fresh arrivals at the temple.

Jack's dream was not a shadow of a future event, but a past one.

Everything he saw in his sleep had actually taken place some days before.

The outrage had been planned by the Nawab, whose youngest son had fallen in love with Keket, and was pining away because there wasn't the slightest chance of his getting her for his wife by fair means.

The Rajah, her father, would have as soon seen her in her grave as connected by marriage with his old enemy, the Nawab.

And the Nawab knew that.

His son, however, was the light of his eyes, and he was willing to take any risk for his sake.

Learning that the princess had gone to Bombay on a week's visit, and would duly return through the jungle, he called one of his devoted henchmen into consultation, and the abduction of the girl was decided upon.

It was a dangerous job, but the personal servants of the Nawab were at all times ready to lay down their lives, if necessary, for their master or his only son.

By rapid action they hoped to carry the scheme through all right, and they had succeeded.

Being now within the boundaries of the Nawab's territory, they felt quite safe with their two prisoners, and as their provisions had given out, they ventured to seek the temporary seclusion of the Temple of the Thousand Eyes, where they had reason to know they would get what they wanted.

So the boat was tied up at the edge of the stream, within a short distance of the temple, and the palanquin being restored to its original shape, the princess was obliged to enter it, and the party, with Foxi Fum bound so he couldn't escape, proceeded straight to the temple of the dreaded Kalee.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE.

Jack was the first to come to his senses.

At first he was somewhat dazed by his situation, but gradually recollection asserted itself and he remembered what had happened to him and Sam.

As the vault was as dark as the cell he was now in, he naturally supposed that he and his friend were still there.

"Sam, where are you?" he said, but got no response.

Then he realized that he was lying on the hard-stone floor instead of the soft, dry vegetation.

He got up and, feeling around, soon discovered Sam lying against the wall.

"Sam, what's the matter with you?" he said.

Sam heard him not, and so remained quiet and motionless.

Jack became alarmed about him until by feeling his face he saw he was warm.

Then he felt of his heart and found that beating in a normal way.

"It's funny we should have been half suffocated by the air in this place, and now it seems different," he said.

He lighted a match.

"Hello, we're not in the same place. There is no dry vegetation here on the floor, nothing but the bare slabs. After we became unconscious we must have been brought here. I suppose we're somewhere in the cellar of the temple, for it's as dark as pitch. There's a door. I'm afraid it's locked or bolted on the outside."

Jack tried it and found it was well secured.

"We are prisoners, that's certain," he thought. "I wonder what kind of rascality Rum Jum is up to."

Suddenly he thought of his valuable ring.

"The villain has taken that—no, he hasn't," he added, as he felt it.

The ruby eyes of the bug were glowing like small, live coals in the dark.

"I thought diamonds were the only stones that glistened in the dark. When Keket placed this ring on my finger I did not dream that Sam and I would run into such a scrape as this. And yet we received warning enough about this temple. But they did not refer to Rum Jum, but to the diabolical influence of Kalee. These Hindoos are an awfully ignorant and superstitious people in spite of the advancement of knowledge through the missionaries and the English government. The idea of them supposing that their heathen deities have power for either good or ill. Just think how, in the old days, they used to throw themselves in front of the great wooden wheels of the Juggernaut, as it was drawn through their village, and allow themselves to be crushed into a pulp, under the impression that death that way would ensure their going straight to Nirvana, or whatever other name they called their heaven. It is a mighty good thing for them that the British came here and put a stop to most of their preposterous practices."

Just then Sam moved, opened his eyes and sat up.

"Hello, Sam; come around, have you?" said Jack.

"Yes. Whatever it was put me out, the bad air or something else, seems to have gone. I can breathe all right now. I suppose you were down and out yourself for a while?"

"I was. We've been moved from the place we fell into to a kind of cell in the cellar of the temple."

"Is that so? How do you know?"

"By lighting a match. There's a door in this place, but it's locked."

"We are still prisoners?"

"Nothing surer from the looks of things."

"Have we been put here to die by degrees?"

"Possibly, but I can't say for certain."

"Of course, Rum Jum and Nagar are responsible for all this. We've been cleaned out, I suppose?"



"I haven't. I've still got my ring and my money."

"I see I've got my money, too. Doesn't it strike you as funny that we haven't been robbed? What other object could those rascals have in view? Robbery is the purpose of nearly all crime. The rascals have nothing against us to account for their actions on the ground of revenge alone. It is also absurd to think that they would postpone robbing us until after we were dead. Being senseless, we were wholly in their power, and the natural thing for them to do would be to take all we had and clear out. How about our rifles?"

"They are not in this place."

"But they didn't take my cartridge belt."

"Nor mine, either."

"I suppose they were satisfied with what were in the magazines. Have you looked this place over thoroughly to see if there was a loophole through which we might get away?"

"No. I only tried the door."

"Then let us— Hello, somebody is coming. I can hear footsteps approaching."

The footsteps came directly toward the cell.

Through the crevices of the door they saw a light shining.

Then a small section of the upper part of the door was opened, a lamp was held so as to illuminate the interior of the cell, and the boys saw a strange Hindoo face observing them.

The newcomer, who had doubtless been told by Rum Jum that the boys understood Hindoostanese, spoke to them in that tongue.

He shoved a basket containing food, one of their own, by the way, through the opening, together with a flagon of sweet wine, and told them it was their dinner.

"Who are you?" demanded Jack.

"Ackbar, the chief priest of this temple," was the reply.

"I thought this temple was deserted and not used for religious purposes any more."

"As long as Kalee sits on her throne above, the temple cannot be deserted."

"How many more are there of you chaps?"

"One other, Obrie, my assistant."

"I suppose you are standing in with Rum Jum and Nagar?"

"Nay, their caste is lower than ours. They are our servants while they remain here."

"Why have they been made prisoners? Do you know that we are free-born Americans, attached to the American consulate at Bombay. The consul is my uncle. If we are harmed there will be an investigation through the British authorities, and you and those connected with you in this outrage will be severely punished."

"No one outside those who believe in Kalee will ever learn what has become of you and your companion. You have been brought here to be offered as a sacrifice at the coming annual festival in honor of Kalee. She is hungry for the blood of her victims. They are so few these days that she suffers much for the lack of nourishment. Once it was different," and the priest's eyes shone with religious enthusiasm. "Once the victims were so numerous that she could bathe in their blood, and gorge herself to repletion. Then our order was prosperous, and we had everything we wanted. But the advent of the cursed Feringhees changed all that. We are no longer powerful. We are no longer feared. The traveler on the highways and byways passes along undisturbed at all hours of the day and night. Our people have been imprisoned and executed until to-day we are but a handful, and our temples, save this one, are in ruins or obliterated altogether. Alas, that such should be our fate! Kalee should have protected us, but she slept in fancied security while we dwindled. Doubtless she realizes her mistake too late, since she must suffer in the lack of sacrificial victims at her annual festival. We do the best we can to help her, but it is little at the best."

The priest spoke as one who thoroughly believed in what he said, and had no doubt that murder was the highest virtue under the sun.

"Why should we be offered up in sacrifice?" said Jack. "We are not of your race. We are from the West, and unbelievers in Kalee. We are not suitable victims."

"You will have to do, since we have but one other. Your blood is as red as ours, and as nourishing to Kalee. She knows you are here, and why you are here, and has made no sign that you are not acceptable to her."

"Do you expect to get a sign from a graven image? I thought you priests had more intelligence than the masses. At any rate you pride yourselves on your caste and your superior attainments."

"It is not for me to explain how we get a sign from Kalee—we get it. We are her servants and we take our orders from her. Being unbelievers, you do not understand the honor

Kalee is doing you in accepting your blood. You will go straight to Nirvana and be happy for a thousand years. Then you will return once more to earth, but it will be as a Hindoo of importance. Thus you will receive your reward. Take the basket and eat. You will be well treated until you are led forth to the altar. Happy are those who are sacrificed to Kalee."

He shut the small opening and went away, leaving the two prisoners to think over what he had said.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE ESCAPE.

"So we have been brought here to be murdered before an image as senseless as the material it is composed of. It is tough luck," said Sam.

"I should say so, but I'm not going to tamely submit to it. When they come for us we must put up a desperate fight."

"There are at least four of them and they will take us out singly."

"They can't take us singly as long as we are free. The moment the door is opened we'll both make a dash. They won't want to use weapons on us for fear of spoiling us for the sacrifice, which will be an advantage to us."

"I suppose the other victim the priest referred to is some poor devil of a Hindoo?"

"I guess so."

"Got any more matches?"

"Yes, I have a few left."

"Light one and let us look this cell all over. We might find a weak place that we could work upon."

"Let's eat first."

The food was divided and they got away with all of it.

Bad as the prospect was before them, they were not yet so cast down that their appetite was affected.

While there was life they reasoned there was hope.

Having finished their eatables, they began an investigation of their cell.

With the exception of the space occupied by the door it was built entirely of stone.

The cells were a part of the foundation on which the temple rested.

There were enough of them to fill up the space on two sides of the building.

The chart of the cellar given to Jack by Dharwar did not show the cells.

It was merely a parallelogram, marked "front," "back," "north," "south."

Midway at the north end was a cross, indicating that here the treasure was buried.

As a matter of fact, Dharwar did not know where the gold was buried.

He simply put the cross at random.

He figured that it would make no difference, anyway, since the boys would have no opportunity to look for it.

The boys went carefully over the walls, examining the mortar and digging at it with their knives.

It was crumbly stuff, and could easily be dug out as far as their knives could reach, a matter of three inches.

The stones were fully a foot thick, so it was not possible for their knives to help them out of their difficulty.

On the whole, the prospect of escape was not encouraging.

"If we only had a long knife, or a piece of steel with a bevel edge, we might be able to accomplish something," said Jack.

"As it is we are stumped."

"I'm afraid our name is mud," said Sam, gloomily, leaning heavily against one of the side walls.

He felt one or more of the stones give under his weight.

In some surprise he ran his hand down that part of the wall, and found that two stones had receded over an inch.

"Strike another match, Jack," he said, excitedly. "These stones here are loose."

Jack struck a match, and both looked at the wall.

They could see where the stones had moved out of place.

Sam placed his hand against one of them and shoved.

The stone moved off and fell into the next cell.

The second stone was shoved out of place the same way.

"Gee! this is fine," said Sam. "If we can get two more of them out we can crawl out of this cell."

On investigation they discovered that the two stones under the hole were also loose, and they lost no time in pushing them through.

That left an opening large enough for them to crawl through in turn.

How those four stones happened to be loose they had not the slightest idea.



The fact was they had been in that condition for twenty years, and the priests knew nothing about it.

A Hindoo prisoner had been confined in that cell for two months before the festival at which it was intended he was to be a victim came off.

He had a long, thin knife concealed about his person, and with it he employed all the time when he was not sleeping in digging out the mortar around one of the blocks.

Then he pushed the loosened block into the cell beyond.

The second block he loosened in a quarter less time.

The third about the same, and the fourth in half the time.

The opening was then large enough for him to crawl through.

As no one was confined in the next cell, the door stood open.

Before leaving the cellar he replaced the stones so nicely that when his escape was discovered the priests could not account for it by natural means, and believed that, for some reason, Kalee had helped him to freedom.

The boys on reaching the adjoining cell found the door wide open, and they walked out into the main/cellar.

On examining the outside of the door of the cell they had escaped from they found it was secured by a heavy bolt.

They decided to make a tour of the cells and liberate the other unfortunate.

He might be some help in their fight to escape from the building.

The doors of all the cells but one on the opposite side were open, showing they were unoccupied.

That one being bolted like their own, they drew the bolt and opened the door, Jack flashing a match to light up the place.

A figure sprang up from a corner and faced them.

By the help of the tiny flame they recognized Foxi Fum.

"Holy smoke! how came you to be here, Foxi?" asked Sam.

The Hindoo understeward was just as amazed to see the boys as they were to see him.

He quickly explained all about the capture of himself and the princess, whom he said was somewhere in the upper part of the temple at that moment, as her captors were not going to resume the journey until late in the afternoon.

As for himself, he was to be sacrificed to Kalee in a few days.

"My dream has come true after all," said Jack, who told Foxi what he had seen in his vision.

In a few words he explained to Foxi how he and Sam had been victimized by their guide and his companion, and the fate they were booked for.

"Now, Foxi, we have not only to get away ourselves, but we must save Koket."

The Hindoo nodded.

He never could return to Allabad without the princess and hope to live.

"How many are there in the party who brought you and Koket here?"

Foxi said six.

"That makes at least ten we have got to outwit somehow," said Jack.

"Pretty big odds," said Sam.

"Over three to one. If we could lay our hands on our rifles I think there would be little question about our doing them up if we caught them off their guard."

"Well, let's look for the way out of this cellar," said Sam.

Foxi said he could show them the stairs that led up into the idol room.

"Go ahead," said Jack.

The Hindoo led them right to a flight of stone steps.

"You chaps wait below till I reconnoiter things above," said Jack.

He started up and came out in the idol room, which was tenanted only by a horrible looking gigantic image of Kalee in the center, with an altar of stone between the figure and the faded curtain which cut off the room from the rest of the temple.

All the gilt gingerbread work which had originally ornamented the idol had worn off more or less, and the wood itself was seamed and cracked from age.

Not a sound betrayed the presence of the priests, nor Rum Jum, his companion, and the kidnapers.

Jack slipped over to a red curtain which concealed a doorway at the back of the idol, parted it a little and looked in.

It was the living room of the priests.

The boy could see nor hear no one, so he thrust his head between the curtain and took in all of the room.

There was a curtained doorway on either side which led into the sleeping rooms of the priests.

Jack listened intently, but not a sound reached him.

In a far corner he saw his rifle and Sam's.

If he could get possession of them he felt that he and his companions would be masters of the situation.

He hastily returned to the cellar where his friends were waiting for him.

"Come on," he said, "but be careful to make no noise. I have located our guns, and with them in our hands we'll have the bulge on the enemy."

They followed him upstairs and to the curtained doorway.

He pushed the curtain aside and pointed at the rifles.

"Wait here, Foxi," he said. "Follow me, Sam."

They glided across the room and grabbed the guns.

Cocking them, they now felt equal to facing anything.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the doorway, and Foxi uttered a cry.

He was in the hands of the two priests, who had caught him locking through the curtain.

They were astonished to find he had escaped from his cell, and proceeded to drag him back to it without dreaming that their two Feringhee prisoners were also free and in their living room.

Jack and Sam rushed to the rescue.

"Fire at the legs of the fellow on the left," said Jack, "and look out that you don't hit Foxi."

Both rifles spoke almost simultaneously, and the two priests fell writhing on the floor near the cellar stairs.

The reports reverberated throughout the temple.

Just as Foxi rejoined them, mighty thankful for his escape, footsteps were heard coming toward the idol room, and presently Rum Jum and Nagar appeared.

They saw the boys and, flashing out long knives, rushed at them, thinking the lads could not shoot again till they had reloaded their weapons.

There was no time to figure on where to hit the two rascals, for they clearly meant business.

Besides, the boys felt that while those chaps were at large they would be in constant danger of their lives.

They raised their rifles and fired at the treacherous guide and his comrade.

Both threw up their hands and dropped dead in their tracks, each with a ball in his body.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### \$250,000 IN GOLD.

Following the second reports of the rifles, there came a rush of steps down a flight of stairs.

"Here come the bunch of kidnapers," said Jack. "We had better hide, for there are six of them, according to Foxi Fum."

They glided behind the base of the idol, ready to act the moment the Hindoo supporters of the Nawab appeared.

As Jack laid his hand on the base of the statue, a secret door slid back and he fell backward into a dark compartment.

Sam, on the spur of the moment, stepped after him and pulled Foxi Fum with him.

The door glided noiselessly back and they were trapped in the base.

They could hear footsteps and the sound of excited voices outside.

Jack lighted a match, and the light revealed a flight of wooden steps going down and another flight going up into the idol.

He started upward, followed by the others.

Coming to a platform, he struck another match and saw that he was in a small room in the body of the idol.

On a framework of small beams and cross-pieces the statue had been molded out of a thick covering of stuff like papier-mache.

The only thing in the compartment was a couch, and sitting on this, staring at him with frightened eyes, was Koket, the princess.

"Koket!" cried Jack.

"Sahib Jack!" she ejaculated, and with a little cry of joy she sprang toward him, threw her arms about his neck, and said: "Save me! I love you!"

The expiring match dropped from his fingers, he threw his disengaged arm around her and kissed her in the dark.

With a happy little sigh she nestled in his arms.

Was this more of her coquetry, or was she in earnest now? Jack did not know, nor care, as he felt her warm breath on his cheek.

"Hello, where are you, Jack?" came the voice of Sam, trying to peer into the Egyptian darkness of the compartment.

That recalled Jack to himself.

Stealing another kiss from the warm lips so close to his,



Jack released the girl, fumbled in his pocket for another match and struck it.

The light revealed to Koket the figures of Sam and Foxi at the edge of the platform, and she felt quite safe.

A ladder ran up into the idol's head.

"Run up the ladder, Sam, and see if there is an outlet," said Jack.

Sam did so, but was back in a minute with word that there was no escape in that direction.

"We will have to return to the base and go down the other stairs," said Jack. "Get a wiggle on, you chaps. Come, Koket. We'll see that you get back to your father."

"And then, Sahib Jack, I will see you no more?" she murmured.

"That depends on yourself. You know I love you and would marry you if I could get your father's permission on top of your own. I doubt if he will let me have you."

"He cannot refuse, for you wear the ring of the sacred scarab. That possesses a power greater than his. It will protect you against all danger. Had I not given it to you I would not have been abducted. But now I am with you, I fear nothing."

Jack was rather skeptical about the virtues of the sacred bug, for he judged it was simply one of the Hindoo superstitions that amounted to nothing.

Sam and Foxi waited for them in the base compartment, and they continued on to the cellar together.

They landed in a large room separated from the rest of the cellar by a semi-circular stone wall.

It was filled with a variety of articles used in the worship of Kalee.

In one corner stood a number of small boxes surrounded by brass bands.

Jack and Sam paid little attention to anything except a brass lamp, which the former lighted.

Their whole object was to find a door to escape by.

In this they were disappointed.

There was no door or any other means of exit except by way of the stairs they had come down.

"Say, Jack, look at those small clamped boxes in the corner," said Sam. "Do you think that could be the treasure we're after?"

Jack walked over and examined the top one.

He saw it had been broken open, and he lifted the cover.

The lamp light flashed upon a glittering mass of old English guineas.

"Hurrah! we've struck it!" he cried, excitedly. "This is the treasure."

"Fine and dandy!" ejaculated Sam, delighted beyond measure at the discovery.

"It's going to be some job to get it to Bombay, and we have Koket on our hands to look after besides."

"What's the matter with Foxi Fum going to the village and buying a cart?"

"That's what we'll have to do, I guess; but we can't do anything till we get rid of the six kidnapers. They are doubtless hunting for us now. I hate to have to kill any of them, but they won't leave without Koket, so we'll have to put them out of business in some way."

"Say," said Sam, struck with an idea, which seemed great to him, "those chaps have a boat. If we could capture the bunch, why, the boat would be at our service. We could load the treasure aboard of her and carry it by water down to the island palace of the Rajah. We could then send Foxi Fum on to Allabad to notify the old Tiger that his daughter was sojourning at the island with us. He might not know yet that she was abducted by the Nawab crowd. If he has learned, he's a mighty wild man by this time, and has expeditions out looking for her."

The idea of transporting the treasure as far as possible by water appealed to Jack, and he said it was just the thing.

"Then we'd better get after the six kidnapers," said Sam. "Too bad that Foxi hasn't a weapon of some kind."

"What's the matter with that iron rod yonder?" said Jack, pointing.

Sam got it and handed it to Foxi.

He grinned and said it was a fine weapon.

"Better fetch that rope along," said Sam. "We'll need it."

"Take it," said Jack, starting for the stairs with Koket.

They left the lamp burning and marched up the stairs to the base of the idol.

Inside of five minutes Jack located the spring, pushed it, and the door opened.

Sam picked a metal cup from a shelf and put it in the opening, and that prevented the door from closing tightly.

Rum Jum and Nagar lay where they had fallen with their knives beside them.

Jack secured the weapons.

The two priests had been carried somewhere, probably into their rooms.

Keeping together, the party looked around for the kidnapers.

They were seen outside in consultation.

Finally they divided into two parties and went off to beat up the jungle in the direction of the village.

"Where is the boat tied, Foxi?" asked Jack. "How far from here?"

The under-steward pointed and said that it was about an eighth of a mile.

"While those fellows are away let's get busy with the treasure," said Jack.

Jack and Sam went down and carried one of the boxes, holding about \$25,000, to the foot of the stairs, where the rope was attached to it, and with Foxi Fum's aid it was hauled up.

The other nine boxes were treated in the same way.

Then they were hauled to the back exit and dragged into the jungle out of sight.

One by one the boxes were carried 100 yards toward the boat.

Koket kept with the party all the time.

The boxes were put in the cabin and Jack mounted guard with his rifle while Sam and Foxi returned for the last time to the temple to get the palanquin.

It was taken apart and tied on top of the cabin.

They were about to shove off into the stream when it occurred to Jack that they had no provisions, so it was decided to make another visit to the temple to forage for some.

Sam and Foxi went and returned with enough fruit, rice cakes and wine to last them for a couple of days.

Then they began their voyage up the river.

It took them two hours to get out of the jungle, by which time it was growing dark, and they had their supper.

Jack, Sam and Foxi took turns during the night, and when the sun rose Foxi announced that they were several miles inside the Rajah's district.

On the third day they reached the island, which was in charge of a caretaker and his family, for the Rajah had returned to Allabad ten days before.

It was decided to land the treasure on the island and go with Koket to her father's palace.

The Rajah, when his daughter failed to return in time, sent a messenger to Bombay.

This messenger discovered the corpses of the bearers, and recognizing them, he returned post-haste and reported to the Rajah.

Then there was something doing.

Men were sent out in different directions along the river, and they found out enough to throw suspicion on the Nawab.

The Rajah in a furious rage was on the point of dispatching a demand to the Nawab for the return of his daughter and an apology for the outrage when Jack and his party brought the princess to the palace.

The Bengal Tiger was overjoyed, and when he heard her story he grew furious again at the Nawab.

Nothing was too good for Jack and Sam.

They were loaded with presents and honors.

When the Rajah learned that the boys had found and brought away the Nawab's treasure, he was delighted.

He provided a wagon to take the boys and the treasure to Bombay.

Then it was that Jack asked the potentate for his daughter's hand.

The Rajah at first demurred, but when Koket insisted, he agreed on condition that Jack remain in the country and become a believer in Brahma.

The boy agreed to the first, with a reservation, but declined the latter.

Finally the Rajah gave in, and some months later Jack and Koket were united with great ceremony, and a week's public festival.

The \$250,000 was divided between Jack and Sam, and they went into business together in Bombay, and there they are to-day, both rich and prosperous, all of which came to them through hunting for a Hindoo treasure.

Next week's issue will contain "A CORNER IN MONEY; OR, BEATING THE WALL STREET LOAN SHARKS."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.



## CURRENT NEWS

A deep depression in the bed of the Pacific Ocean has been discovered by the United States Pacific Cable Company's survey steamer, between Guam and Midway. The lead sank to a depth of over five miles, which will make it necessary for the cable to make a circuit around the great depression.

In the German city of Cologne there is a company which insures against non-employment. The premiums are about five cents a week. If no employment can be procured for a member during the dull season, the sum of fifty cents per day is paid to him if married, and about half that sum if single.

Walter G. Storman, of Alton, Me., recently killed a big black bear which had long eluded shooters in the vicinity of Hudson, Glenburn, and Alton. Six years ago the animal escaped from a trap by gnawing his paw off. Since that time he had made frequent raids. Many scars from bullet wounds were found on him. He weighed 225 pounds.

The other day W. A. Duffy, of Humboldt, Tenn., drove to his farm near town, and having some business to attend to on the place, took the horse loose from the shafts and hitched him to the wheel of the buggy. Mr. Duffy left his coat in the buggy, and on his return he found the animal had just finished eating the last of a package of notes aggregating \$1,076.

A chemical manufacturing company of Pittsburgh has just announced its manufacture and sale of the first pure radium salt produced in America. Of this amount 133 milligrammes of radium element in the form of anhydrous radium chloride has been sold. Since the price is steadily holding to \$120,000 a gramme, this is a very respectable start for the new American industry. The salt was extracted from the Colorado carnotite deposits, which are considered by the United States Bureau of Mines to be the largest deposits of radium-bearing ores in the world.

There has been installed in the Chicago postoffice an automatic stamping machine, whose markings will take the place of adhesive stamps. The machine is known as the Pitney Postage Meter and Sealing Machine. This meter will seal, stamp and count two hundred and fifty pieces of mail per minute and is designed to be leased to large firms despatching quantities of first, third and fourth class mail matter. Time and labor will be saved in the handling of the mail by imprinting on each envelope an impression to take the place of a stamp. We have seen one of these imprints and it contains in four lines in a shield-like frame the following: "1c PAID-25641-Chicago, Ill.-Permit No. 10041."

Charles Morales, 16 years old, of 259 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, who recently arrived in this country from Italy and repeatedly failed in his efforts to obtain work because of his lack of knowledge of English, found an envelope on Fifth avenue. He opened it and found it contained \$250 in bills. The boy spelled out "Fifth National Bank," which was printed on a slip pasted around the bills. He stopped a woman and learned from her the way to the bank at Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue. At the bank he laid the bills on a counter and tried to explain how he had found them. An interpreter was called, and Morales told not only how he had picked up the bills but how much he needed work and how hard he had tried to get it. All this was reported to the cashier, who had received word a few minutes before that Miss E. E. Boyland, who is with Richard H. Forschner & Co., scale manufacturers at 39 East Twentieth street, had lost \$250 on the sidewalk as she was leaving the bank. When the scale manufacturers were informed how the money had been found, they directed that several bills be taken from the roll for the boy. The bank official replied that Morales was looking for work and the bank would give it to him if he could speak English. Word was then given to send the boy to the scale factory where a place would be found for him.

Archæologists have for years been searching for the remains of Nero's "House of Gold" which tradition states was situated somewhere between the Palantine and Esquiline hills in Rome, but it has remained for a French savant to make the discovery. In a lecture before the Institut de France M. Préchat declared that it had been built in the northeast part of what is now the Coliseum, which was completed by Titus in A. D. 80, twelve years after the death of Nero. He said that the remains of the foundations discovered there were unmistakable and had not been identified before simply because most people thought that the Coliseum itself had been begun in Nero's day. "This mighty palace," said the lecturer, covered with plates of gold enriched with ivory and adorned with a multitude of beautiful statues, covered an area equivalent to the Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde. The Emperor conceived the idea after reading Ovid's description of the Palace of the Sun in the 'Metamorphosis,' and it was in the guise of the Sun god that Nero had a statue of himself made nearly 90 feet high. This colossus stood in a great four-horsed chariot, and was erected in front of the 'House of Gold.' Within the palace walls was a lake, which ancient authors compare to a sea, and on its waters were given the sumptuous nautical festivities of which one reads. Like a fairy palace the 'House of Gold' was, and as such it vanished. The huge exactions which Nero made on the people in order to erect it did not conduce to its popularity, and it survived its master by only a few months."



# LOST FOR ONE YEAR

OR,

## ADrift ON A WATER-LOGGED SHIP

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER VII (continued)

At this juncture Hal and Lew happened to come up, and thinking they might have heard their conversation, the mate said:

"We was just talking about goin' ashore an' seein' what sort of a place it is. We may have to live there for a while, you know, if a gale should come up and make ther schooner go to pieces."

"A good idea," said Lew. "I see the moon coming up. Let's launch the raft, Hal."

"I am agreeable," was the reply.

Twenty minutes later the raft was overboard. The water was comparatively smooth, which showed that there was not much depth to it, though the roar of the surf could be heard on the beach.

Wigg and Geese were the first to get on the raft, somehow, and they were followed by Hal and Lew. Archie wanted to go, but his father would not let him, so they pushed off.

A quarter of a mile is not a great distance to push even such a clumsy thing as the raft was, and in a very short time it landed on the beach, with the spray flying all over those upon it.

The boys were not afraid to go ashore with the two villains, as they were both armed from the weapons they had found on the schooner.

As they stepped on the beach a flock of sea fowl flew from the crags they were roosting in. Their cries made the night hideous, and it was some seconds before the boys could realize what they had struck.

Then it was that something entirely unexpected happened!

The feeling for revenge had come upon Wigg and his companion the moment they felt their feet touch land, and with one accord they sprang upon the two boys with uplifted oars to fell them to the beach.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE THUNDER SQUALL.

The four who had remained on the schooner waited anxiously for the return of those who had gone ashore on the raft.

The best part of an hour had passed before they were

hailed by Wigg, and glad that their companions were returning, they rushed to the schooner's side to throw a rope ladder to them.

"Throw us a line, so we kin make the raft fast," said Geese.

Luke Batters lost no time in obeying. It was so dark that he could not distinguish those on the raft, as that was the side that was in the shadow.

Two minutes later the two villains stepped on the deck.

"Where are the boys?" asked the professor.

For answer Wigg drew a pistol and aimed it at Luke.

Just as he pulled the trigger Archie Denton sprang forward and knocked his hand upward, and the bullet flew through the empty air.

The little fellow was alive to the occasion.

"Treachery!" he cried, seizing the mate by the throat with one hand and clutching the revolver with the other. "Seize them—quick!"

Like magic the father sprang to the assistance of the son; while Luke Batters seized a belaying pin and struck Geese senseless at his feet. Then in much less time than it takes to record it, Wigg was overpowered and thrown to the deck.

"Get some rope, professor!" shouted the doctor, who had succeeded in getting the revolver from the villain's clutch, and was panting from his exertions.

Professor Parker did not delay an instant in doing so, and the two villains were soon placed so they could do no further harm.

"This is Hal's revolver!" exclaimed Archie, as he held up a lantern and examined the weapon. "The scoundrels have murdered the boys!"

"I fear that what you say is true," observed his father in trembling tones. "Are you sure those men are safely tied?"

"Oh, yes! They will never get free again till we let them."

Archie now walked to the side of the schooner and held the lantern so he could look down on the raft.

There was no one there.

"They have either killed Hal and Lew while ashore, or else run away and left them there," he said.

"But the fact of Hal's revolver being in their possession makes it look as though we may expect the worst," said the professor.



"So we will force Wigg to tell us just what happened," suggested Dr. Denton.

"That's it!" exclaimed Luke. "If he won't tell we will make him, or else tie a piece of pig iron to his neck and throw him overboard!"

"Which he deserves right enough," added Archie, who really was the coolest one in the party.

The doctor walked up to the prostrate villain on the deck.

"Wigg," said he, "you have heard what we have been talking about. Are you willing to tell us just what you did with the two boys who went ashore with you?"

"Yes," was the quick answer, "I'll tell yer all about it. We had no sooner got ashore when the two young fellers pulled out their pistols an' told us to drop the oars we had. I says 'What for?' an' Hal Morris says, 'Cause you are no good, anyhow, an' we have made up our minds to leave you here, an' go back to the schooner!' Of course we wouldn't stand for that, an' a fight follered. We got ther best of it, an' come back to ther boat to get ther best of you people, too, which you couldn't blame us for doin', since we meant to always do the right thing by you."

"You say you got the best of the fight ashore? What did you do to Hal and Lew?" asked Archie.

"Knocked 'em down with our oars an' took their pistols from 'em—that's all."

"Wigg, I believe you lie!"

"Well, I don't lie. I have told you the truth."

"Perhaps you have in regard to striking them down; but you couldn't make me believe that they were going to come back to the schooner without you."

"I can't tell you any different, not if you kill me for it."

"Well, I'll go ashore and learn if you really did kill them. If you did you can make up your mind that both you and Geese will die! We are out of the limits of the law now, and therefore we will take it in our own hands. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!"

"That's right!" cried Luke Batters. "I'll be ther executioner, if no one else wants to."

The old sailor had scarcely ceased speaking when there came the muttering of distant thunder.

"A thunder squall is coming up!" exclaimed the doctor. "What shall we do?"

"Git ashore as quick as we kin," replied Luke. "Ther schooner will go to pieces on this bar if it is any kind of a blow at all, an' I reckon it is goin' to be a good one. It will be on us afore fifteen minutes, too, unless I'm much mistaken."

Again the rumbling of thunder was heard, and a flash of lightning followed it this time.

The hull of the vessel was creaking and straining as her stern rose and fell with the swell, and there was not one of the four who did not think it was best to abandon her then and there. Besides, Hal and Lew were ashore, dead or alive. It was their duty to go and look for them, anyhow, and they resolved to do so.

"Ther raft is plenty big enough to carry all we kin together in ten minutes," said Luke; "so let's git a-

roundly being obliterated, and the thunder and lightning became more and more ominous.

Provisions, cooking utensils, blankets, canvas, weapons and the professor's scientific instruments were placed upon the raft. The atmosphere was oppressive and almost warm, and the swell had gone down considerably when they were ready to get aboard themselves, after taking all it could possibly float.

"Don't leave us!" screamed Wigg, as he saw them go over the side for the last time.

The doctor ran back to them, and quickly severed the ropes that held the mate's hands powerless.

"We will leave you," he cried; "but not in a helpless condition. Don't you dare to follow us! You have brought this on yourselves, and if you perish you will be justly punished for what you have done this night."

There was no need to tell the villain not to follow them, for it would certainly take him a good five minutes to get himself and companion free from the ropes. In much less than that time all four of our friends were paddling the raft for the shore.

When half way there the thunder storm burst.

"Whew!" exclaimed Luke, "ther wind is dead off shore! This will be ther last of ther schooner, for sure!"

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and it behooved them to be quick at making a landing.

It was more by good luck than anything else that the raft struck the beach in safety a few minutes later.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A DROP FROM THE JAGGED ROCKS.

The assault on them by the two villains was so sudden that Hal and Lew were taken completely by surprise. But an oar is a rather ungainly thing to handle, especially when it is to be used quickly, and they had no difficulty in dodging the crushing blows aimed at their heads.

Hal was forced to the ground, however, by a glancing blow on the shoulder, and Lew caught the blade of the oar wielded by Geese in his right hand.

Though they had failed in their exact intentions, the villains were not ready to give it up. Wigg immediately pounced upon Hal before the boy had a chance to get upon his feet; and dropping his oar to the ground, Geese sprang upon Lew.

The sailor was a great deal more powerful than the boy, and Lew was soon upon the sand almost at the side of his chum.

"I guess we've got you now," exclaimed Geese, as he dealt his victim a blow on the temple which had the effect of rendering him temporarily unconscious.

"That's right," grunted Wigg. "Now, jest tie him up, while I hold this feller; an' then we'll fix him ther same way."

The rascally mate's accomplice had no difficulty in tying Lew securely before he returned to his senses. Then he also took the boy's "buckram" and thrust it in his mouth, tying the ends at the back of his neck.

(To be continued)

The four went to work in earnest. The stars were



## FACTS WORTH READING

### SUPREME COURT SALARIES.

The chief justice of the supreme court of the United States receives a salary of \$15,000 a year and each of the associate justices \$14,500. When any justice has served for ten years he may, with the exception of the chief justice, retire on full pay provided he is then seventy years old. If the chief justice retires under such conditions his salary for the remainder of his life is reduced from \$15,000 to \$14,500, being thus placed on the same basis as that of the associated justices.

### LEFT ALL TO BENEFACTORS.

For their "kindness and self-sacrifice," Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, Sunbury, Pa., inherit nearly \$8,000 under the will of John Fell, 80, a beggar, at Northumberland. The will was probated before relatives of Fell arrived at Northumberland to contest the document.

Fell, who was believed to be almost penniless, went to the home of the Smiths several days ago and asked for shelter. He said he was friendless, that he felt ill and believed he was going to die. Although the Smiths had only one bed they gave it to the old man, and themselves slept on the floor.

The next day Mrs. Smith said Fell gave her a check for \$507 on a Northumberland bank and \$55 in cash. Before he died Sunday night he made a will leaving to the Smiths his entire estate, said to consist of \$7,000 in a Wilkesbarre bank and stocks valued at \$8,000.

### LEAVES BELLBOY \$30,000.

Because he was always pleasant and prompt in his service to her as bellboy at a Great Barrington inn, Mrs. George D. Farrar, of New York, in her will bequeathed to Timothy Connelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Connelly, of Bridge street, Great Barrington, Mass., \$30,000. The will of Mrs. Farrar, which has just been filed in New York, also leaves \$250,000 to charity.

Mrs. Farrar was a patron at the inn for twenty years. Connelly, who is 18 years old, was attentive and always knew and anticipated her wants. She was appreciative and in 1912 paid for a winter's tuition in the Hallock School for Boys in Great Barrington. Last fall before she went to New York after her summer sojourn in the hills she deeded to Connelly a cosey house with a large lot on Bridge street, which his parents now occupy.

The bequest to young Connelly is held in trust until he becomes of age. He has applied for his old job when school closes in June.

### GERMANS EATING DOG MEAT.

The high cost of living makes itself felt more emphatically in the butcher shop than in any other establishment that helps to fill the market basket. The price of meat is going up in the cities of Germany almost as rapidly as in Brooklyn or Chicago. But the European housewife

has a solution that would hardly be popular on Long Island. Long ago, when beef became too expensive, she substituted horse flesh. More recently, she has begun to patronize certain little shops where the flesh of dogs is sold at bargain prices. Statisticians say that the number of canines butchered in Germany is increasing every year. The "new" meat appears to have made the most favorable impression in the kingdom of Saxony. Prussia comes next and Bavaria third.

The French have never eaten dog meat, though the housewives of Paris are said to be partial to cat. In fact, Germany is the only European country to have imitated the Chinese by sending the "friend of man" to the butcher's block.

### U. S. WARNS AGAINST ALLEGED HOG CHOLERA CURES.

GOVERNMENT HAS NOT APPROVED ANY TREATMENT EXCEPT THE PROTECTIVE SERUM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Evidence of what appears to be a well organized campaign to delude farmers throughout the country into buying an alleged cure for hog cholera, under the impression that this has been investigated and approved by the United States Government, has reached the Department of Agriculture. Articles praising this medicine, Benetol by name, are being sent out widespread to newspapers. These articles are so worded that it appears as if the Department of Agriculture had received reports from the State of Minnesota showing that the medicine had proved most beneficial. As a matter of fact the one report received by the Department was an unofficial and unsolicited statement sent presumably from the promoters themselves. The Department attaches no importance whatsoever to this statement. It has no reason to believe in the efficiency of any proprietary cure for hog cholera and does not recommend any. Under certain conditions it urges farmers to protect their stock with anti-hog-cholera serum, but that is all.

In connection with this attempt it may be said that the medicine, which is now put forward as good for hogs, was advertised some time ago as a means of killing tuberculosis, typhoid, and cancer germs, according to an article published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. At that time it was asserted that the army was interested in it. As a matter of fact the army was no more interested then than the Department of Agriculture is now.

In view of the evidence that the attempt to create this false impression is persistent and widespread, all hog owners are warned to communicate with the United States authorities before accepting as true any statement that the Government recommends any treatment other than the serum already mentioned.



# TEN-DAY ISLAND

OR,

## THE SECRET OF OLD 33

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XXII (Continued).

All this he had made known to Mr. Everest.

The old lawyer had not kept his appointment, and instead along came these two ruffians to do their evil work.

If Mr. J. Everest had been present then, John Jacks would have had something to say that the old lawyer would not have liked to hear.

These were John Jacks' thoughts for the first half hour.

During all that time he kept hearing queer noises near him in the darkness, which he thought were caused by rats.

By and by it began to rain, he could hear the drops pattering down upon the roof, which seemed to be right above his head.

Soon it began to thunder and lightning, and a terrific storm followed.

John Jacks could see the lightning through the chinks in the old shingle roof; at first it did not come strong enough to light up the place much, but as the storm moved over the old building there came a flash at last which illuminated the whole place, and John Jacks made a discovery, which, if he had been less busy with his unpleasant thoughts, he might have made before.

He was lying upon the dusty floor of an old garret, and there, about ten feet away from him, lay Joe tied up like himself.

Of course John Jacks went to work at once. He would not have been the enterprising boy who overcame every difficulty at Ten Day Island if he had done anything else.

Rolling over and over he was soon alongside of Joe, who crowded against him, making some queer noises which was all he could do toward talking just then.

Immediately John Jacks put his mouth close down to Joe's. He was not trying to kiss him—oh no! Nothing of that sort!

With his teeth he got hold of the old handkerchief and had it out of the boy's mouth in a jiffy.

"Hooray! Bully for you!" shouted Joe. "Oh, Johnny, I knew you were somewhere around, but I could not make sure just where."

John Jacks did the mumbling act then, and Joe caught on in more senses than one, and John Jacks was speedily relieved of his gag.

"Joe, where are we?" was his first exclamation. "Are we still in the old house, Joe?"

"Of course we are!" replied Joe. "We are upstairs. Them fellers lugged me up here and put that blamed plug in my mouth. Are they going to kill us, Johnny, do you think?"

"You ought to know more about it than me, Joe. After I got that choking I didn't know a thing until I came to my senses up here."

"They didn't say much about it in my hearing," said Joe. "I heard them talking about bringing some feller named Mac here to decide what should be done with us—that's all I know."

"That's enough," replied John Jacks. "I know what it means now. Joe, it means death to us if we don't get out of this. What in the world is to be done?"

"Get out, then," returned Joe.

"Yes, but how? I'm tied so tight that I can't move one inch. An inch! If I could only move my hands that much, I should be all right. I can't move one hundredth part of an inch. I'm afraid there's nothing for it but to stay right where we are until morning comes."

John Jacks was right. Already the boys' wrists and ankles were beginning to swell, which made their bonds cling all the tighter.

The storm passed away, and daylight began to creep in through the chinks in the roof, and still not a sound had been heard below.

Another hour passed, and still another. The morning was now becoming well advanced. John Jacks was reduced almost to despair, when at last heavy footsteps were heard walking about the rooms below, rousing the boys to a pitch of excitement which it would be hard to describe, for they did not know whether to hope or not.

"There's some one down there at last, Johnny!" said Joe. "Shall we holler out and let them know that we are here?"

"Wait," whispered John Jacks. "It may just as well be an enemy as a friend. Joe, we are in great danger. The man Mac you heard those fellows talking about is my cousin. He hates me, and I believe at the same time fears me. One thing is dead sure, he's wicked enough to hire those men to kill me if it is going to serve his purpose to put me out of the way."

"Tain't him, then, and it kaint them fellers, neither," said Joe, "because if it was they know we are here and would come right upstairs."

"Yes, but it may be some one they have hired to do the job. Best thing we can do is to keep quiet, it seems to



me; and yet it might after all be only some tramp who would be glad enough to set us free."

"Hark!" he's coming upstairs!" breathed Joe. "He's coming in a hurry, too."

"Yes, and I'll tell you why! Don't you hear? Some one else is coming."

A horse and wagon was heard driving rapidly along the road.

It was not the first team the boys had heard by any means since morning came.

But all the rest had gone right past, and this one stopped.

"There's something going to happen now, sure!" breathed John Jacks. "Friends or enemies, they are coming into the house."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE TABLES TURNED.

Meanwhile the heavy footfalls which had so held the attention of the boys ceased to make themselves heard the moment the wagon stopped in front of the house.

"It's right up to us, Joe," whispered John Jacks. "Something is going to happen now."

There was no delay this time.

Evidently two persons had come in the wagon, for their footsteps could be heard on the stairs.

John Jacks listened breathlessly.

Just what he expected happened; the door of this queer little attic which was tucked away behind the big chimney opened, and Cousin George Mackintosh, followed by the foxy-faced Bill Dye, walked in.

"Hello! They are here all right," said Bill. "I was afraid. Now, will you believe it, Mac, that you have seen with your own eyes?"

Both men had been drinking, evidently. Cousin George seemed to be the worst of the two.

"Well, John! Well, John!" he chuckled. "Here you are! What's this? What's this? Stealing again? Where did you get the good clothes?"

"George, I haven't one word to say to you," retorted John Jacks. "Of course this is your work. Say what you have to say to me, and let me know the worst quick."

"I don't know whether I will or not," growled Mackintosh. "I don't know that I have anything to say, except that you know too much for your own good. You are in my way, cousin, and I propose to get you out of it. I don't know what game you are playing, but I know you are up to something, and I mean to head you off, anyhow. Bill, you have given it to me straight. Do up these two boys, and I'll pay you the five thousand as I agreed."

"All right," growled Dye. "I'll put you down at the station, Mac, and then I'll come back and attend to the job. There can be no better place than right here. No one would ever get on to this room. The bodies might lie here till the day this old roost comes down, and no one ever be the wiser. Trust me, Mac. It shall be done up to the queen's taste."

"All right," replied Cousin George, thickly. "I'm off. John, have you got anything to say to me before I go?"

There was a lot that John Jacks would have liked to have said, and there were words on his tongue that he was just about to utter, when suddenly there came a yell outside the door of the secret room which was enough to make one's hair stand on end, and in dashed a huge black giant, flourishing the leg of an old bedstead about his head.

"Cain killed Abel wiv de leg ob de table!" he shouted, "an' I'll gwinter kill yo wiv dis!"

Whack!

Down came the club upon Cousin George's head, crushing in his derby hat, and sending John Jacks' treacherous cousin down upon the floor without a groan.

Bill Dye, with a fierce exclamation, started to draw his revolver, but before he could accomplish it the table leg came down upon his head, too, nearly splitting his skull and sending him down upon the floor beside Cousin George.

"Hooray! Down dey go! Trot out some more ob dem an' I'll give dem all a dose. Now, den, boss! What's de mattah wif ole Cæsar? Who says dis yere niggah don't dream dreams what come true?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The tables were completely turned, and it was Cæsar and his bedstead leg that turned them.

Not dead, but badly knocked out, George Mackintosh and Bill Dye lay upon the floor with their hands tied behind them, while John Jacks and Joe stood free.

"How did I get hyar?" said Cæsar, in response to John Jacks' eager question. "How did I get hyar? Waal, dis yere's de way I got hyar. When you two didn't come home las' night, boss, me an' Miss Susie went mos' wild ob course. 'Do something, Cæsar! Do something to find 'em,' Miss Susie says, fo' ob course I'd tole her my dream.

"Waal, den I starts right cat. Dat was befo' daylight dis mornin'. Dunno how ever Miss Susie get her break-my way, cousin, and I propose to get you out of it. I didn't know where to go, so I axes a policeman whereabouts in all dis yere big city dar was a high bridge acrost a ribber, what had big stone pillars to it—I means de bridge, not de ribber, of course—and he tell me it's up to Harlem, so up to Harlem I goes, and when I gets acrost I begins walkin' along and walkin' along, an' inquirin' fo' an ole house wiv de winders all broke an' a hole in de roof. Knowed I should find it 'caze I found de bridge; an' I did find it and hyar I is, boss, and who'll dare to say now dat dis darky don't dream dreams what come true?"

Bill Dye lay quite unconscious through it all, and John Jacks thought his skull was fractured, but he still breathed.

Cousin George, on the contrary, did not appear to be very much hurt, and he lay there glaring at John Jacks, who turned to him now and said:

"George, this is my turn. You meant to kill me; you made me out a thief; you tried to ruin my life, and came near doing it. What shall I do to you?"

He was a perfect coward, and in answer to this he began begging for life piteously, promising to pay John Jacks the \$5,000 he had intended to pay Bill Dye, and making other cowardly talk.

(To be continued)



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In the matter of woman's rights Abyssinia, Africa, is far ahead of Europe. The house, with all its contents, belongs to the wife, and if the husband offends her she turns him out until he is finally repentant and makes amends.

Because his clothes were mussed and his face dirty, Edward Pelzer was arrested in St. Louis as a "suspicious character." At the station the police were amazed to find all his pockets stuffed with greenbacks and goldbacks, totalling \$2,949.

While conducting an investigation of the death of L. Boynton, at Clarksville, Mich., Sheriff Taylor picked up an old pair of overalls from which dropped a can containing currency to the amount of \$5.150. It was supposed Boynton had died penniless.

Holding that the title of Indians to the submerged lands of Lake Michigan had never been recognized, and that what rights they had were relinquished when the aborigines voluntarily left the land, Federal Judge Carpenter ruled adversely to Indian claims to made land along the lake shore in Chicago. Three Indian tribes, the Ottawas, the Chippewas, and the Pottawatomies, sought to recover land now occupied by railroad companies and the South Park board.

Cocoanuts when ripe fall to the ground, and when necessary are picked by men who climb up. It sometimes makes one's blood run cold to see them run up the trees like monkeys. Two ways are practiced for mounting the trunk. In the case of a small tree or at an odd moment the man walks up the trunk, keeping his feet flat against it and throwing his weight back from it as much as possible, retaining his position at the same time by the tension of his arms. The other and safer plan is to pass a loop of cord around the feet, which are thus kept close together, and grasp the trunk of the tree, the arms meantime assisting the climber, who moves upward in a series of jumps.

While a big audience looked on, frozen with horror, nineteen-year-old Henry Garven, of Lynn, impersonating the son of William Tell, with a potato, instead of an apple, on his head, was shot through the head the other afternoon on the stage of the Central Square theater at Lynn, Mass., by Mrs. Juanita Griffin, known professionally as "Princess Neta." Applause was just breaking out at the report from the .22-calibre rifle used by Mrs. Griffin when the Garven boy staggered behind the scenes. He was hurried to a hospital, where physicians gave little hope for his recovery. Mrs. Griffin was placed under arrest, and, if the boy dies, will be charged, the police say, with manslaughter.



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## BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

From 1901 to 1913, sixty Nobel prizes have been awarded. If we class the prizes by countries, comparing the populations, we see that the most favored countries are the three Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, which is significant in view of the nationality of the jury. Then come Holland; France with 14 prizes and 39 millions of people; Germany with 18 prizes and 65 millions of people. After these come Switzerland, Belgium and England. Finally the United States and Russia have each received only one prize.

River pirates whose depredations in the Carquinez straits and the tide lands of the San Joaquin Valley, Cal., have caused farmers a loss of many thousands of dollars. With the co-operation of the Federal authorities Sheriff R. R. Veale of Contra Costa County has organized a picked posse to wage war on the inland freebooters. The chief source of revenue of the pirates is the merchandise produce piled along river levees awaiting shipment. The method of the gangs is to moor a scow at night in midchannel and row to the wharves, from which the produce is removed and brought to the bay cities and sold.

When Paul V. Sauls, a youth eighteen years old, of Tallahassee, Fla., killed two highwaymen as they attempted to loot the Tallahassee post office several months ago, it hardly occurred to him that President Wilson, in recognition of his valor, would appoint him to a clerical position under the Civil Service without examination. But this is just what happened, and recently President Wilson signed an executive order authorizing the appointment of young Sauls. On the night of January 7 Sauls was left in charge of the Federal building at Tallahassee. His father, who was watchman, had been taken seriously ill. At an early hour Sauls heard some one knocking. He walked to the basement door and asked who was there. The caller replied that a small sack had been found in the street. Sauls opened the door and two masked men confronted him with pistols. Without a second thought, Sauls grappled with one of the men. The burglar fired, and in the scuffle that followed Sauls fired two shots, both taking effect. The man died in a short time. The second

burglar, who evidently had not realized what had happened, then appeared. Sauls shot him twice, killing him almost instantly. The first burglar was later identified as "Tennessee Dutch," one of the most notorious safe blowers in the country. Thus it was that single handed and with the cheapest kind of a gun, one which he had won at a county fair the day before, Sauls not only succeeded in preventing the blowing up of the post office safe which contained several thousand dollars, but also in ending the careers of two successful and dangerous criminals. The boy's case was laid before President Wilson several days ago.

## JOKES AND JESTS.

"Are all the people here invalids?" "Oh, no, sir! Some of 'em only just come, sir."

Citiman—I see you raise your own vegetables. Suburbanite—No! I simply plant a small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.

"This necktie," said the polite salesman, "speaks for itself." "Speaks for itself?" repeated the customer, as he took in the loudness of the design. "I say that it positively yells."

"When he saw the enemy coming he turned and ran. I call that cowardice." "Not at all. He remembered that the earth is round, and he intended to run around and attack the enemy in the rear."

"I can never marry you," said the beautiful blonde. "But," pleaded the wealthy old man, "won't you make my life happy for the short years I will be here? I am troubled with a weak and faint heart." "In that case, I accept you!" And yet they say faint heart never won fair lady.

Mrs. Bliggerson awoke and called her maid. "Has Mr. Bliggerson come down yet?" she asked. "No, ma'am," responded the servant. "James just informed me that Mr. Bliggerson was not in his room, but that his umbrella was in the bed." "Tell James to go down in the hall and take his master out of the umbrella rack."

"My, my, my!" said the little girl's grandmother, "you mustn't make so much fuss when you have your hair combed. When I was a little girl I had my hair combed three or four times every day." "Yes," said the child, pointing at the poor little gray knot on the back of the good old lady's head, "and see what you've got for it."

The children had quarreled, and Willie had struck Tommie. Instead of returning the blow, Tommie turned and ran down the hall. "Where are you going, Tommie?" asked his mother. "Kitchen," answered Tommie tersely. "What for?" "You said if anybody was mean to me to heap coals of fire on his head, and I'm goin' for the coals."



## THE WITCH IN THE WELL.

By D. W. Stevens.

"Come, Nanny, do tell us the 'Witch in the Well,'" exclaimed Flo, settling in a great rocker before the fire, and drawing out her crochet.

"Yes, you promised it, and now's a splendid time," said Bob.

"Oh, you children don't never think I've anything more important on hand than to fiddle out stories for you," grunted old Nanny, as she sank into a corner of the huge chimney, knitting in hand. "But it isn't much use to refuse, I suppose, so here goes—The Witch in the Well.

"Forty years ago, children, I lived on the Blankford estate, away across the Blue Ridge. Never was out of old Virginia, honeys.

"There was a great red stone house, children, with gables and porticoes, covered with moss and vines.

"Ah, those were happy days!

"I was fifteen years old then.

"The Blankford family had been scattered for a year, the master and missus traveling in Europe, and Master Dick and Lida at school.

"It was summer when my story occurred, and the Blankfords had all come home.

"Then I was made Miss Lida's maid.

"Everyone called me a beauty; and I was right smart, brighter than I am now, and had long straight black hair. Miss Lida was fond of me, and she would have me with her always.

"Now, you see, honeys, since the family returned, strange things had happened in an old dried-up well on the place.

"The field servants told how as they had seen thin smoke rising from it after dark, and when they puckered up courage enough to peep in, they saw pale lights flickering on the moss-covered stones below.

"Old Wool swore that he heard a hissing and boiling from the place, as he passed at midnight.

"One night, while the servants were up watching, at twelve precisely, the old bucket began to slowly rise.

"At first they all screamed and ran away; but as nothing appeared to them from a distance, they made bold to creep back and peep over the sides.

"There hung the bucket, not six feet below them, and in it stood a terrible old witch, who sparkled all over with light.

"When she saw them, her snaky eyes snapped, and she pulled herself up like lightning.

"Then they all ran away screaming, and while some fell fainting on the grass, others ran to tell the family.

"When the master and missus and Miss Lida, with a crowd of servants after them, reached the well, all was still again; the bucket hung empty at the top, the light and smoke were gone, and everything looked as usual.

"That night Miss Lida talked to me about it, and she said she was determined to unravel the mystery.

"After I blew out the light, and was lying very still, thinking of the transaction, suddenly I saw a pale light shining through the panels of the wall.

"Miss Lida," whispered I, 'look at the wall, quick.'

"Without a word she touched the floor like a feather, and was over to the panels before I could speak again.

"Before she reached it the light had vanished, and I was hanging on to her, begging of her to go to bed and not meddle with witchcraft.

"Instead of taking my advice, she told me to light her lamp quickly, and when I had done it, she examined the panels, and tried to shove them every way.

"At last one slid aside, and we saw a narrow passage within.

"Miss Lida looked scared for a minute, then she held the light above her head and gazed in.

"Nanny," she whispered, 'dress yourself as quick as you can, but leave off your shoes.'

"We did so together, and when Miss Lida motioned me to follow softly, we stepped into the passage, my lady marching ahead with the lamp.

"The passage was hung with cobwebs, and the floor was strewn with broken plastering.

"I was shaking like as if I had the ague, and Miss Lida's face was pale, I perceived, but she held her light with a steady hand, and walked like as if she knew what she was after.

"On we went, without sound, and almost without light, the walk growing narrower, until suddenly we reached a flight of very narrow steep steps.

"Down went Miss Lida, her golden hair shining faintly in the light which she held above it. A damp, earthly smell came up the stairs, which so scared me that I caught my lady's arm, and in a whisper begged her to turn back.

"She told me that I might go if I was afraid, but she would not turn back.

"That look was enough, and I followed her without a word.

"We reached the bottom, found a damp stone passage which turned to the left, followed it, descended another flight of stairs—these last being of stone—and when about half-way down, heard voices in the distance.

"Miss Lida gave me a look which said, 'Be brave, Nanny,' and went on.

"When we reached the bottom, we were in another stone passage, which wound round to the right.

"It was faintly lit, the voices grew louder as we approached, and now we could hear a click, click, click, like as if machinery was working in the distance.

"All of a sudden we turned a corner, and came in view of a door which was unlatched, through which poured a strong light.

"Miss Lida set her lamp on the floor, round the bend of the passage and then crept up to the crack.

"Just then we felt a current of air blowing on us, and turning about, we discovered a hole in the passage-wall.

"We crept to it and looked out, or rather looked up; for only blackness met us until we gazed above, and then we saw a small round spot of light, through which the moonlight shone.

"It is the well! Don't you see the bucket hanging up there?" exclaimed my mistress, in an excited whisper.



"Then she crept back to the door and listened.

"Well, to be short, children, there she discovered a gang of villains who were counterfeiting money.

"By their conversation she learned the whole thing; how one had dressed up like an old witch, and daubed himself with phosphorus, so as he would shine at night and scare the servants, who were becoming curious about the well.

"She learned how they had occupied the house when it was empty, before the Blankfords came home, and how they were driven to look for new quarters, and had discovered the secret passage, and there taken up their abode.

"Three minutes sufficed to show Miss Lida the whole thing, and motioning me to follow, she took up her lamp and hurried back.

"In three minutes she had woke up Mr. Blankford, her mammy, and her brother Dick, and told the whole thing in short order; and in less than fifteen minutes Master Dick was galloping into town for a sheriff and men to capture the gang."

"And did they get them?" inquired two of the children at once.

"Every mother's son of them," answered old Nanny. "The constables had been after them for months, and they never would have caught them if it hadn't been for the Witch in the Well."

#### SOME REMARKABLE FEATS.

The Emperor of Russia is said to be one of the strongest men in his empire of herculean individuals. While the heir apparent, he one day visited his father, the late emperor, to complain that his mail was tampered with. The emperor sent for the chief of police, drew from him a confession of guilt, and chided him in the presence of the czarowitz. The latter said not a word, but handed the crestfallen functionary a silver ruble twisted into a roll. In his younger days this was a favorite visiting card of the czarowitz. He could strike a poker against his arm and bend it, bit pieces out of Chinese cups—feats which were in the repertoire of Thomas Tapham, the celebrity of Islington, London.

Tapham was a drayman, and sometimes, when exhilarated by the vast potions of liquor supplied him by his employers, he would take his horse's place between the shafts. He had a playful habit of twisting heavy kitchen poker into a coil about the necks of trembling countrymen. One night, after having astonished a tavernful with his drinking powers, he came upon a watchman peacefully slumbering in his box, and threw box and man over the wall of a burial ground.

In 1871, M. Gregorie, claiming to be seventy-one years old, astonished the physicians and the public of a town near London by carrying 700 pounds with ease, lifting an ox and performing other wonderful feats. A celebrated London physician who examined Gregorie, describes him as an exaggerated study of Hayden. His shoulders were prodigious, and his biceps almost incredible. Gregorie's strength, rather than a source of pride to him, was the cause of anxiety. Although the mildest of men, he lived in dread that he should be provoked to use his strength

against a fellow being. He was afraid to nurse his own child lest he should give it a fatal squeeze.

Middle-aged people who remember the dawn of interest in muscular exercises recall Dr. Winship; the originator of the idea which was subsequently embodied in lifting machines. The astonishment that the doctor's performances created was equal to that of the Berliners a few years ago at Jorgnery's feats. The most wonderful of these was known as the trapeze feat. The Frenchman hung suspended by his legs from a swinging bar, and by sheer muscular strength lifted a heavy horse and its rider off the stage, suspended them several minutes and then letting them down gradually and evenly as he raised them.

Mervine Thompson's achievements at Rochester, N. Y., years ago, however, in the opinion of competent judges, more surprising than this. Thompson laid his face downward on a firmly fixed ladder and resisted the efforts of a team of powerful horses to pull him from that position. A newspaper writer in reviewing this wonderful performance, remarks that the little mention with which it escaped could happen only in a nation where strong men were common.

The same feat in 1875 gave William Joy the name of the English Samson.

Fishing parties and explorers in the wilds of northern Wisconsin were, a few years ago, familiar with Peter Panquette, the Samson of the region. He was a famous woodman, possessed of mighty endurance, and muscles that were like iron. Senator Clark says:

"I have had him bare his arms to me and crack hickory nuts upon the muscles. It was like cracking them on a stone. He could take a handful of hard hickory nuts and crush them to pieces by tightening his fist."

On one occasion, while serving as guide for a party of explorers, a yoke of oxen drawing the boat down the Fox gave out through fatigue. Panquette took their place, and hauled the boat along, heeding the strain less than the beasts.

Sheppard, the wonder of the Coventry Volunteers, whose muscular development answers to the description of Panquette, like the latter, wore his hair long. With the halfbreed it was a custom derived from his copper-colored ancestors, but with the ruddy Englishman it was in obedience to his belief that all his strength lay in his flowing yellow locks. Sheppard could lift a heavy man in each hand, and hold them at arm's length. He could toss enormous tables, barrels and bags of flour, about as though they were filled with feathers. He could take a pewter pint pot and tear it into pieces with his teeth, and he could munch large oyster shells as a person would munch a biscuit. Sheppard was the wonder of the country around, but his prosperous popularity developed enemies, and one of these, it is related, induced the strong man to drink deeply, and while sunk in stupor cut off his luxurious hair. Sheppard awoke, felt his bare poll, and in tones of horror announced his strength was gone. Whether because such was the case, or because he wished to excite superstitious credulity, the strong man from that moment was weak, timid and hesitating until his hair was long again.



## GOOD READING

From railroad section boss to president of Mexico—that has been the career of General Huerta, according to Colonel Robertson, personal friend of Secretary Bryan. Mr. Robertson says he employed the dictator as a boss on one of his many railroad projects about twenty-five years ago.

Using only glue and 3,005 matches, a saggarmaker at a pottery completed a violin with a wonderful tune. Though not a violinist, the ingenious inventor long ago conceived the idea of making such an instrument. It took him exactly fifty-one weeks to make it, using an ordinary penknife as his principal tool. Musicians who have tried the instrument praise its tone highly.

Thousands of dead fish line the banks of the Truckee River, Nev., below Derby dam, as a result of battering themselves to death in efforts to get over the dam. Photographs of the dead fish have been taken and forwarded to Washington, where appeals have been sent by hundreds of sportsmen asking for a fish ladder, ever since the construction of the Derby dam. Most of the dead fish are quewe, a very large fish resembling the sucker, but many of them are said to be large salmon from Pyramid Lake.

A new altitude record for balloons is announced in a book by Dr. A. de Quervain, describing his recent crossing of Greenland. Two members of his party, Drs. Jost and Stolberg, remained on the west coast, and during the winter of 1912-13 sent up pilot-balloons 120 times from the Danish scientific station at Godhaven, Disco Island. One of these was followed with theodolites from the ground to an altitude of about 39,000 meters (24.2 miles), which exceeds by about 4,000 meters the greatest height ever before attained by any form of aeronautical apparatus.

The French naval authorities are so well pleased with their four-gun turrets, that their latest class of dreadnoughts is to be fitted with four of these turrets, carrying among them a broadside of no less than sixteen 13.4-inch guns. These ships will be able to concentrate eight guns ahead and astern, so that in point of numbers their all-round fire will exceed that of our own "Pennsylvania," which can fire six 14-inch guns ahead and astern, and twelve on the broadside. The British in the "Queen Elizabeth" have decreased the number and increased the power of the guns, these ships carrying each eight 15-inch guns.

The new navy dirigible balloon L-3 arrived in Potsdam after a thirty-four-hour trip from Friedrichshafen. The dirigible on the trip passed over Frankfurt, Metz, Bremen, and Helgoland, and on landing still had gaso-

line sufficient for sixteen hours more of flying. An average speed of nearly sixty miles an hour was made by the dirigible, and at one time, over a short stretch and with the wind following, she reached a speed of ninety miles an hour. While over Helgoland the L-3 was in wireless communication with dirigible LZ-24, which was over Friedrichshafen.

Anna Risner, 4 years old, was eating peanuts in her home at 4 Louisiana avenue, East New York, early the other evening while her mother dressed her to go out to meet her father as he came home for supper. One of the peanuts lodged in the child's throat and the mother after making desperate efforts to dislodge it picked Anna up and rushed to a drug store a block away. An ambulance was summoned from Bradford street hospital and two physicians in the neighborhood were called. They said the child was dead. Mr. Risner reached home just as neighbors were carrying his wife and their baby into the house.

A new type of armed submarine boat which promises to displace the torpedo boat destroyer and revolutionize naval warfare has been developed in the Navy Department. Department experts propose to build a sea-going submarine, of about the size of the present destroyer, but considerably larger than existing submarines. It will have a speed of twenty knots on the surface and twelve to fourteen knots when submerged, and will have the double function of engaging in under-water attack and in taking part in action on the surface. The new submarine will carry a disappearing battery of three or four guns of four or five-inch calibre, in addition to the usual torpedo tubes. The guns can be raised above the deck and lowered beneath waterproof shutters when the vessel is under water.

All is not port wine that is so labelled. A Standard representative was informed that a large quantity of spurious wine is made in London and designated "port," although neither it nor any of its ingredients has ever been near Portugal. The technical description of port wine, as given by an expert, is as follows: "The words port or port wine when used by themselves denote a fortified wine of a particular type and having particular characteristics as to sweetness, color and bouquet, made from fresh grapes grown in Portugal and shipped from Oporto." This description does not apply to a large quantity of the so-called "port" wines sold in London. As a matter of fact the cheap "ports" are nearly all made in London. The manufacturers make the wine quite openly and their factories are subject to the inspection of excise officials, but as they make it from dried currants or raisins and use in the manufacture a certain amount of real port wine they avoid the payment of import duties.



## ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

### SOMETHING ABOUT ENGINEERING GRADUATES.

The statement that graduates of engineering schools do not follow the engineering profession is shown to be erroneous in the case at least of the College of Engineering of the University of Illinois. Data recently collected by the college show that of the 2,165 graduates, 1,933, or 89 per cent., are engaged in one way or another in engineering work, and that only 173, or about 8 per cent., have gone into other fields.

### EFFECTS OF ABSINTHE DRINKING.

During the Algerian War of 844-47 the French soldiers were induced to mix absinthe with their wine as a febrifuge. On their return they brought with them the habit of drinking, which is now so widely disseminated in French society. The symptoms in the case of the absinthe tippler commence with muscular quiverings and decrease of strength; the hair begins to fall out; the face assumes a dejected look, and the victim becomes emaciated, wrinkled and sallow. Lesion of the brain follows, horrible dreams and delusions haunt the tippler, and gradually paralysis takes him to the grave.

### "PAUPER" CARRIED \$3,380.

For twelve years patrons of Schirmer's Hotel, 262 Bowery, New York, have been accustomed to regard Carl Schmidt, who during that time occupied a small room there, as an "allowance man," or pensioner; one who was provided with just sufficient funds to supply modest needs. Their astonishment was great when they discovered that instead of being a near-pauper he was wealthy.

The other night he staggered into the hotel and collapsed near the clerk's desk. He was sent to St. Vincent's Hospital. When his pockets were searched \$3,380 in bills were discovered along with bank books which showed he had deposits amounting to \$50,000.

### A STATUE ERECTED IN HIS OWN HONOR.

Declaring that "if you want a thing done right you must do it yourself," Melville H. Freas, of Philadelphia, a Civil War veteran on Memorial Day unveiled a massive granite monument which he has had erected in his own honor. The monument, completed recently, is surmounted by a life-size statue of Freas clad in a uniform worn by the Union troops during the war, but which shows the aged veteran as he appears to-day. The gun represented is a reproduction of the service arm he carried at the battle of Gettysburg. Freas, who is 73, began preparing plans for the memorial several months ago, and personally attended to all the details of its erection. "In the cemetery where the monument stands," he said, "there are buried nearly 500 soldiers who fought in the Civil war, but there was not a single monument erected in their honor. Years ago I began saving my pension money

to defray the expense of building something that will stand for years after I am dead and forgotten." The monument with the statue, stands nearly twelve feet in height and weighs four and a half tons. It cost \$5,000, according to Freas.

### THE LARGEST ICE CAVE IN THE WORLD.

A few years ago some members of the Austrian Speleological Society discovered in the Dachstein mountains some caverns which are among the largest in Europe. One of these grottoes, the longitudinal axis of which is fully 6,500 feet long, moreover turned out to offer additional interest by its truly enormous ice masses and was found to be the largest known ice cave in the world.

Though a scorching sun may be burning outside on the bare mountain rock, there is always an icy wind blowing through this underworld, freezing everything within its reach. Only sometimes, when the outside temperature ranges between 32 and 41 deg. Cent., and a comparatively warm rain penetrates through the fissures of the rock, entering right into the cavern, will there be a temporary calm and distinct melting of the ice.

The Dachstein ice cave comprises several domes filled with ice, which communicate with one another through a number of frozen galleries. An ice crevice 89 feet deep and 116 feet in width traverses the floor of the cavern 165 feet from the entrance. Gigantic ice pillars were found to tower on both edges of this chasm, in the depth of which there unfolds a fairy-like ice scenery. Beyond the abyss the cavern widens out into a mighty dome ("Tristan Dome" as it is called), where a plain ice sheet reaches from one wall to the other, carrying ice stalagmites of the most fantastic shapes. This hall is continued in a gallery through which flows an ice river. A hall of imposing dimensions (396 feet in length; 231 feet in width and 116 feet in height), called "Parsival Dome," is next entered quite abruptly, which exhibits an immense variety of ice formations of every description. The descent to the bottom of the cave is made over an ice river, known as Montsalvasch Glacier. At the foot of the glacier a lake of ice spreads from end to end of the hall, carrying ice stalagmites of animal likeness. Over an ice wall 50 feet deep and through a portal formed by huge ice arches, access may be had to the second part of this underground world. This is distinguished from the former by a considerably higher temperature, preventing the formation of ice. Tremendous rocky deserts with an enormous chaos of boulders here take the place of greenish shining ice domes. The largest room is "King Arthur's Dome," a practically central hall, 600 feet long, 330 feet wide and 100 feet high. Its huge side galleries contain, in addition to stalagmites of cauliflower shape, an enormous mass of crystalline erratic blocks brought down to these depths from the Central Alps by the underground rivers of an early geological period.





**ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON.**—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black wood, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### THE MAGIC DAGGER.



A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it.

Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### ITCH POWDER.



Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch.

It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### Ayvad's Water-Wings



Learn to swim by one trial

Price 25 cents, Postpaid

These water-wings take up no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. They weigh 8 ounces and support from 50 to 250 pounds. With a pair anyone can learn to swim or float. For use, you have only to wet them, blow them up, and press together the two bag marks under the mouthpiece.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### THE JOKER'S CIGAR.



The biggest sell of the season. A real cigar made of tobacco, but secreted in the center of cigar about one-half inch from end is a fountain of sparklets. The moment the fire reaches this fountain hundreds of sparks of fire burst forth in every direction, to the astonishment of the smoker. The fire is stage fire, and will not burn the skin or clothing. After the fireworks the victim can continue smoking the cigar to the end. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; 1 dozen, 90c., mailed, post-paid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### BINGO.



It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent. But it is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under

any article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box or between the leaves of a magazine, also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a Burglar Alarm or as a Theft Preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, under a door or window, or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted.

Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### TRICK PUZZLE PURSE.



The first attempt usually made to open it, is to press down the little knob in the center of the purse, when a small needle runs out and stabs them in the finger, but does not open it. You can open it before their eyes and still they will be unable to open it.

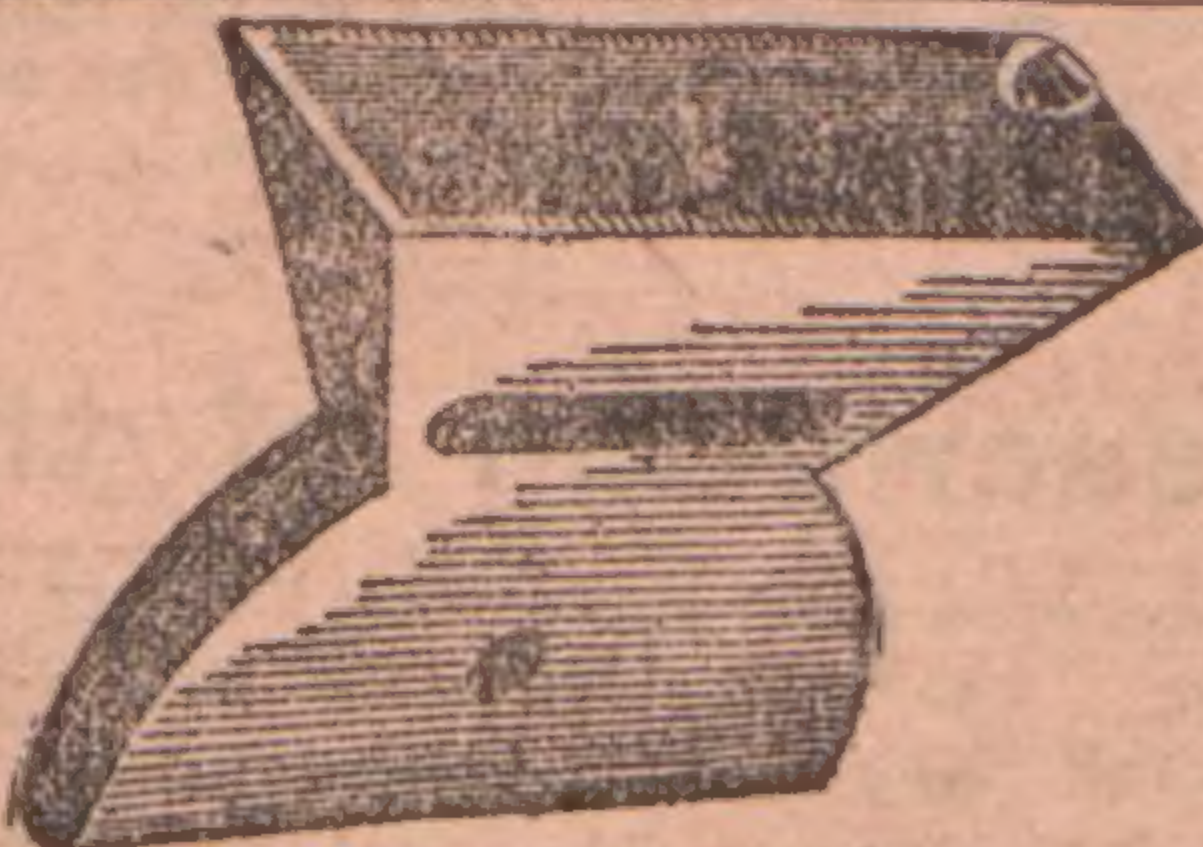
Price, 25c. each by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### DUPLEX BICYCLE WHISTLE.



This is a double whistle, producing loud but very rich, harmonious sounds, entirely different from ordinary whistles. It is just the thing for bicyclists or sportsmen, its peculiar double and resonant tones at once attracting attention. It is an imported whistle, handsomely nickel plated, and will be found a very useful and handy pocket companion. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



**THE FLUTOPHONE.**—A new musical instrument, producing the sweetest dulcet tones of the flute. The upper part of the instrument is placed in the mouth, the lips covering the openings in the centre. Then by blowing gently upon it you can play any tune desired as easily as whistling. But little practice is required to become a finished player. It is made entirely of metal, and will last a lifetime. We send full instructions with each instrument.

Price 8 cents, by mail, postpaid. A. A. WARFORD, 18 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

#### SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.



The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nicked tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer.

Price 25c. by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### POCKET WHISK-BROOM



This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6 1/2 inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

#### PIGGY IN A COFFIN.



This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



### VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.  
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City

### THE JUMPING FROG.



This little novelty creates a world of laughter. Its chief attractiveness is that it takes a few seconds before leaping high in the air, so that when set, very innocently along side of an unsuspecting person, he is suddenly startled by the wonderful activity of this frog. Price, 15c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

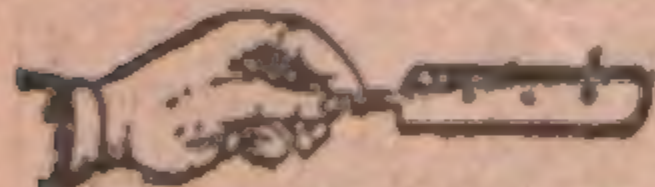
### MANY TOOL KEY RING.



The wonder of the age. The greatest small tool in the world. In this little instrument you have in combination seven useful tools embracing Key Ring, Pencil Sharpener, Nail Cutter and Cleaner, Watch Opener, Cigar Clipper, Letter Opener and Screw Driver. It is not a toy, but a useful article, made of cutlery steel, tempered and highly nicked. Therefore will carry an edge the same as any piece of cutlery. As a useful tool, nothing has ever been offered to the public to equal it. Price, 15c., mailed, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### THE PEG JUMPER.



A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown. Price by mail, 15c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE FIGHTING ROOSTERS.



A full blooded pair of fighting game cocks. These diminutive fighters have real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs, their movements when fighting are perfectly natural and lifelike, and the secret of their movements is known only to the operator, who can cause them to battle with each other as often and as long as desired. Independent of their fighting proclivities they make very pretty mantel ornaments. Price for the pair in a strong box, 10c.; 3 pairs for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.  
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

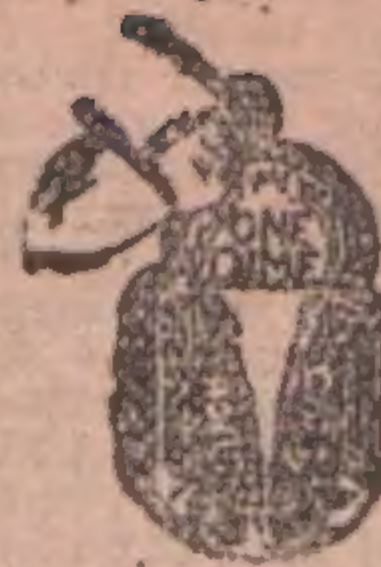
### NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.  
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

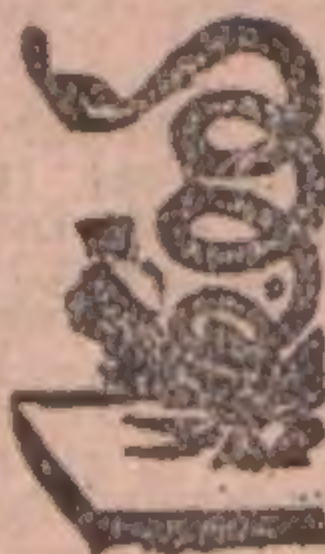
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Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### EGGS OF PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.



A wonderful and startling novelty! "Pharaoh's Serpents" are produced from a small egg, no larger than a pea. Place one of them on a plate, touch fire to it with a common match, and instantly a large serpent, a yard or more in length, slowly uncoils itself from the burning egg. Each serpent assumes a different position. One will appear to be gliding over the ground, with head erect, as though spying danger; another will coil itself up, as if preparing for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another will stretch out lazily, apparently enjoying its usual noonday nap. Immediately after the egg stops burning, the serpent hardens, and may afterward be kept as an amusing curiosity. They are put up in wooden boxes, twelve eggs in a box. Price, 8c., 3 boxes for 20c.; 1 dozen boxes for 60c., sent by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### DEAD SHOT SQUIRT PISTOL.



If you shoot a man with this "gun" he will be too mad to accept the ancient excuse—"I didn't know it was loaded." It loads easily with a full charge of water, and taking aim, press the rubber bulb at the butt of the Pistol, when a small stream of water is squirted into his face. The best thing to do then is to pocket your gun and run. There are "loads of fun" in this wicked little joker, which looks like a real revolver, trigger, cock, chambers, barrel and all. Price only 7c.; 4 for 25c.; one dozen 60c. by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

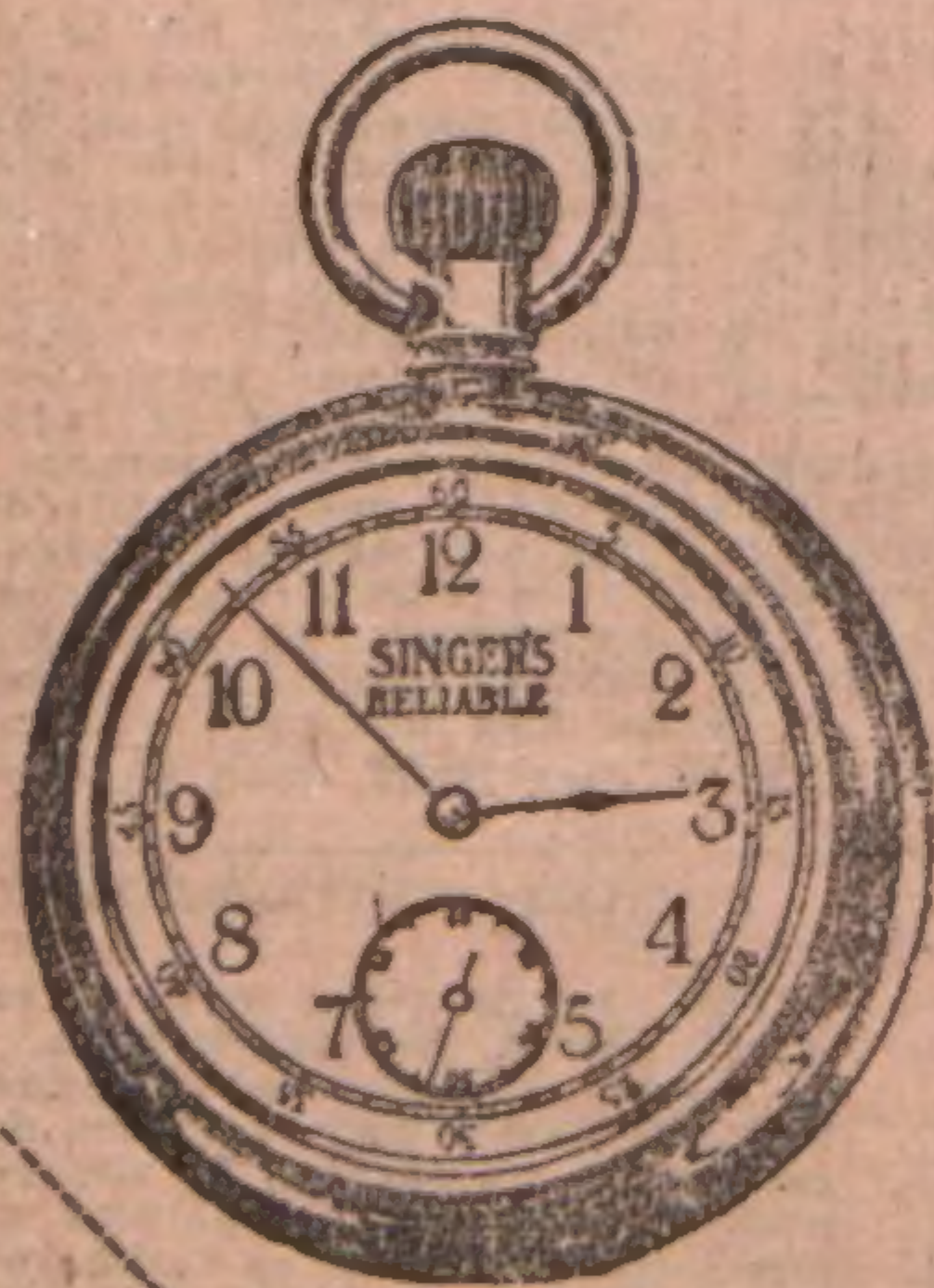
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